LIBERTY

NOV. 7, 1942 10¢

THE SAINT STEPS IN

A New Simon Templar Adventure by

LESLIE CHARTERIS

Will We Have Enough To Eat?

Suppose this was your house, your pooch, your Baby!

What's to prevent that dreadfulness from happening here?

Men can't prevent it, unless those men have ships and guns and planes and shoes and chow. All these supplies and machinery of war cost *money*. Because in this country, there aren't any labor slaves; everybody gets *paid* in defense factories here.

So it takes money to fight a war. To keep ships going, and guns shooting, and soldiers eating. So that *they can* keep little houses standing, pups playing, kids like yours SAFE.

How to buy a share in Victory

Where's the money coming from?

YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, why not lend at least 10% to Uncle Sam? He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for $18.75. It is worth $25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare $18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

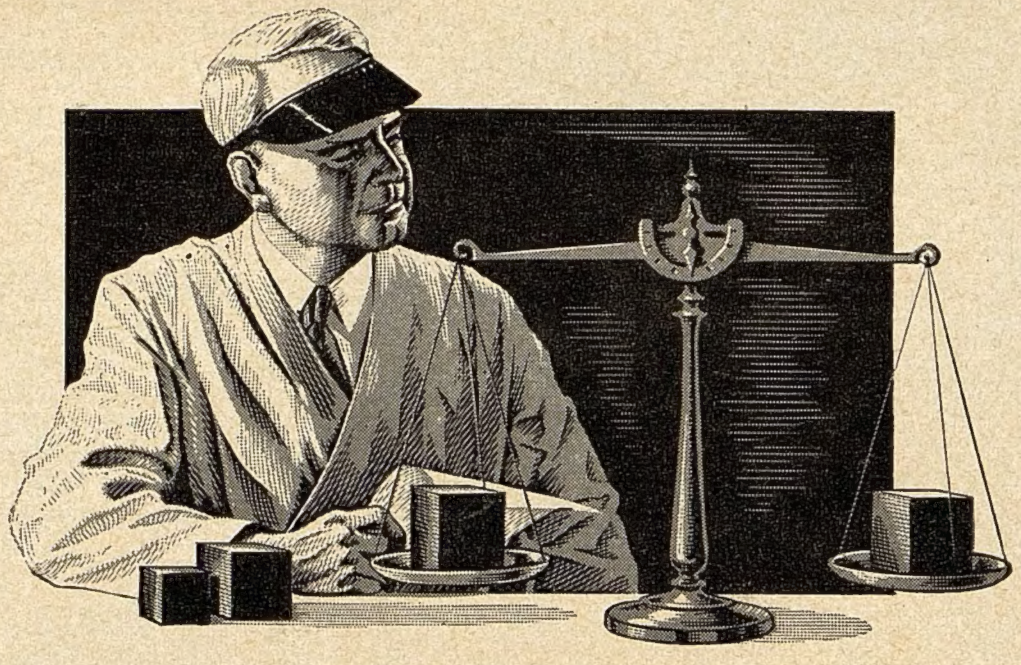
WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

★ Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort toward helping win the War.

ONE OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE TALKS ON A CRITICAL MATERIAL



SYNTHETIC RUBBER—
SUBSTITUTE OR SUCCESSOR?

THERE are so many conflicting stories about synthetic rubber, that many people think of it only as a chemical makeshift that may tide America over until the rubber plantations are recaptured.

But such belief ignores the fact that synthetics like Goodyear's Chemigum have been successfully used—*for the past four years*—to handle oil, gasoline and other solvents destructive to natural rubber!

It fails to consider that tires made of Chemigum back in 1940 delivered longer tread-wear in road tests than the best natural rubber tires.

Nor does it recognize that specially-compounded Chemigum control-fittings in stratosphere bombers remain pliant and flexible at sub-zero temperatures where natural rubber turns stiff and brittle.

The fact is, the chemist can vary the basic structure of synthetic rubber in manufacture, to give it specific properties that make it superior to the best natural rubber compounds for many uses, though not all.

The reason why Chemigum and other synthetics have not been more widely employed is that high cost of production has up to now limited their use to those applications, mostly industrial, where natural rubber never functioned satisfactorily.

The war is changing that. Today new mass production facilities are already providing Chemigum tires and other rubber needs of the military services at a cost far below what once seemed possible.

With still greater expansion now under way, it is not inconceivable that in years to come synthetic rubber may not only cost less to produce than natural gum, but may supplant it in the many uses where it is superior by pre-determination, making America independent of foreign supplies.

CHEMIGUM

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR

Chemigum—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Photo of Dorothy Lamour with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby from "They Got Me Covered"—Samuel Goldwyn Production.

What Bing Crosby and Bob Hope have done to me!—by *Dorothy Lamour*

Working on a movie set with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope is never a bed of roses.—Particularly for a beautiful girl like Dorothy Lamour.

She's a perfect butt for their endless, ingenious, practical jokes. Even before cameras their pranks and ad libbed darts keep her on edge.

Bing and Bob love to tease her constantly with "pet" names, reserving such gems as "Old Hag" and "Blobber" for moments when distinguished guests visit the set.

Yet, Dottie loves it. You'll enjoy knowing why when you read her story—in her own words—in the entertaining December issue of SCREENLAND.

You will enjoy these great SCREENLAND Features, too!

HOW FAR SHOULD A GIRL GO IN KISSING A SOLDIER?—A frank review of the conditions under which soldiers and girls are dating—plus—Marjorie Woodworth's timely plan that will satisfy most nice girls . . . and the soldiers, too!

I AM PROUD TO BE A WAR WIFE! by ANNABELLA (MRS. TYRONE POWER)—Annabella, whose husband, Tyrone Power, is now a United States Marine, says, "I am proud of Tyrone, and I am glad that he has enlisted. I know that it was the right thing for him to do."—When she explains why, you'll enjoy a glow of patriotic pride and feel that with women like Annabella behind them . . . Uncle Sam's fighters must win!

GENE TIERNEY'S NEW HOME—First photographs taken of Gene Tierney and her husband in their beautiful new home.

PLUS: BEAUTIFUL FULL COLOR GLAMOR PORTRAITS OF RITA HAYWORTH, GENE TIERNEY, AND TYRONE POWER—Bright, candid, reviews and previews of the latest pictures—plus—News and gossip of Hollywood.

DON'T MISS THE BIG DECEMBER ISSUE OF

SCREENLAND

THIS WEEK

NOVEMBER 7, 1942

EDITORIAL ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Government and Business
Paul Hunter 6

AMERICA FIGHTS ★ ★ ★ ★

Sabotage in the U. S. A.—Part II
Alan Hynd 21
Will We Have Enough to Eat?
Frederick L. Collins 28
This Man's War
Old Sarge 38
Keep 'Em Working
Courtenay Savage 50

THE WORLD AT WAR ★ ★ ★

Japanese Close-up: What the Soldiers of Nippon Are Really Like
William S. Munday 9

PUBLIC OPINION ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Vox Pop 42

STORIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Saint Steps In—Part I
Leslie Charteris 12
Life Will Find You
Shirley Warde 16
Polonaise—Liberty's Short Short
Elick Moll 27
Two Soldiers
William Du Bois 32
Caribbean Patrol—Conclusion
James Edward Grant 44

MOVIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Candid Close-ups of Pictures and Personalities
Beverly Hills 53
America's War Baby: 1942
Irving Wallace 55

FEMININITY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To the Ladies
Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 41

MISCELLANY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Twenty Questions 34
Crosswords 52
Teletype Tips 58
Just Between Ourselves
The Editors 58

Paul Hunter, Publisher.

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC. PAUL HUNTER, PRESIDENT; FRANK J. MULLEN, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE BOYD, JR., SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

COVER BY PRESTON DUNCAN

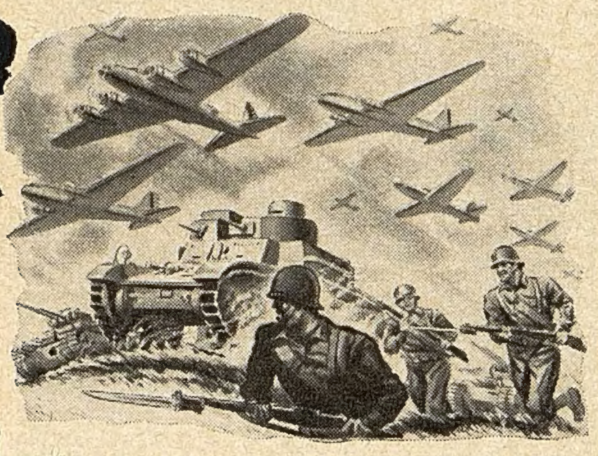
Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

NEXT WEEK

NOVEMBER 14, 1942

IS AIR POWER, ALONE, ENOUGH FOR VICTORY?

A lot of us have begun to think so, led by writers who insist that planes based on our shores can cross oceans and knock out our enemies. Is this disputed solely by "brass hats"? What are now the limits to the powers of planes—and how long do we want those knockouts postponed? All this **Allan Chase** has discussed with ranking air officers home from the fronts. His report of what they think, and why, is "must" reading for every one of us.



PUTTING MUSIC IN ITS PLACE

In a sprightly straight-from-the-shoulder article a competent pianist goes to bat on one of the touchy questions of every American home where children are being raised. To take music lessons, or not to take them—that is the question **Robert Armbruster** places before the house. His answers will give everybody a chuckle and many parents some sound tips.

JOHN CITIZEN'S JOB IN WARTIME

A famous political writer and experienced observer of the Washington scene gets down to cases about the civilian's First Duty. "Why win the war," he asks in a trenchant article in next week's Liberty, "if we lose what we're fighting for—freedom—by frittering away our opportunities as voters?" Arguing that the voter is the real ruler of America if he only knew it, **Ernest K. Lindley** provides stimulating food for thought on the congressional elections just held, *and on every future election.*

AND: Another installment of the **Leslie Charteris** serial and the **Alan Hynd** series; fiction by **Roger Garis**, **William Rough**, and others; features, pictures, fun!

Liberty, November 7, 1942. Vol. 19, No. 45. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you.

Copyright, 1942, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

WHAT'S IN
A NAME?

IRA
means "city watch"

BARBARA
means "stranger, foreign"

DONALD
means "proud chief"

ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

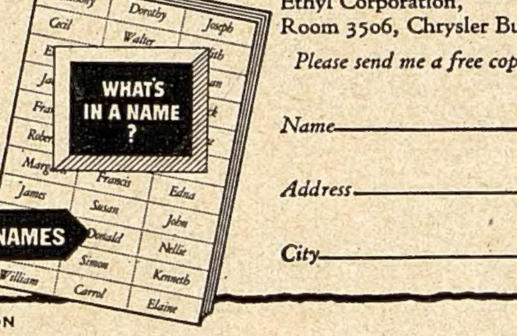
ETHYL
is a trade mark name

It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

What does your name mean?

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.



FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF NAMES

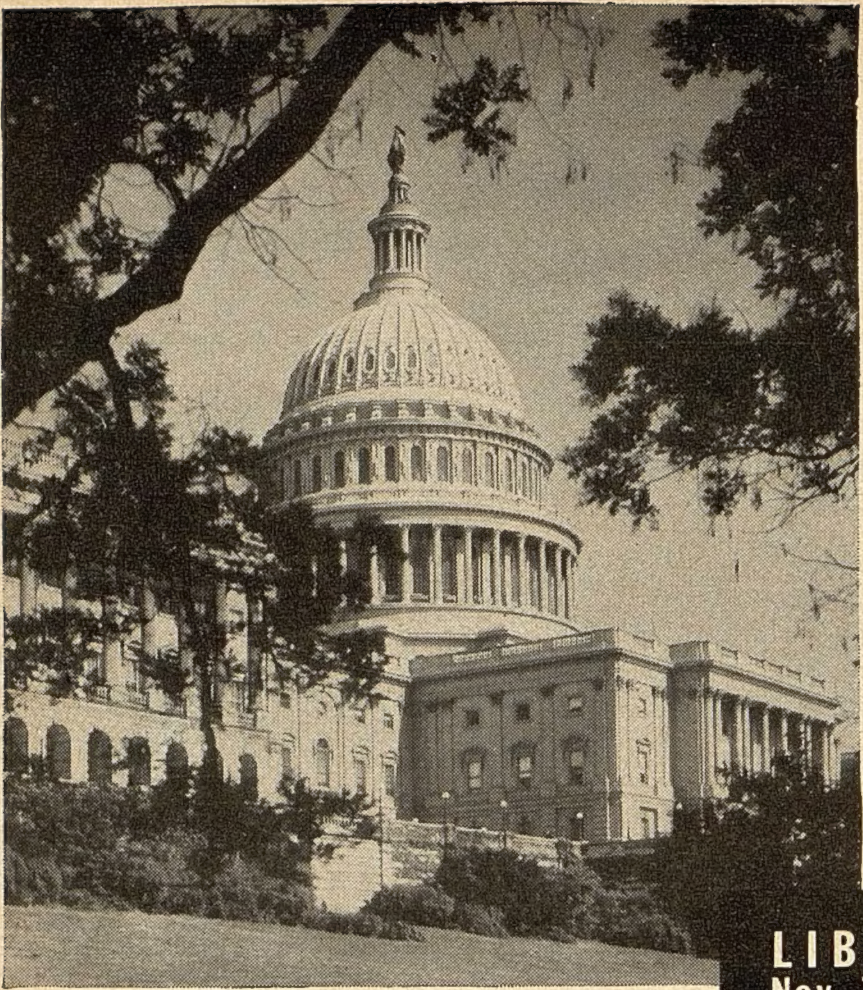
Ethyl Corporation,
Room 3506, Chrysler Building, New York City
Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

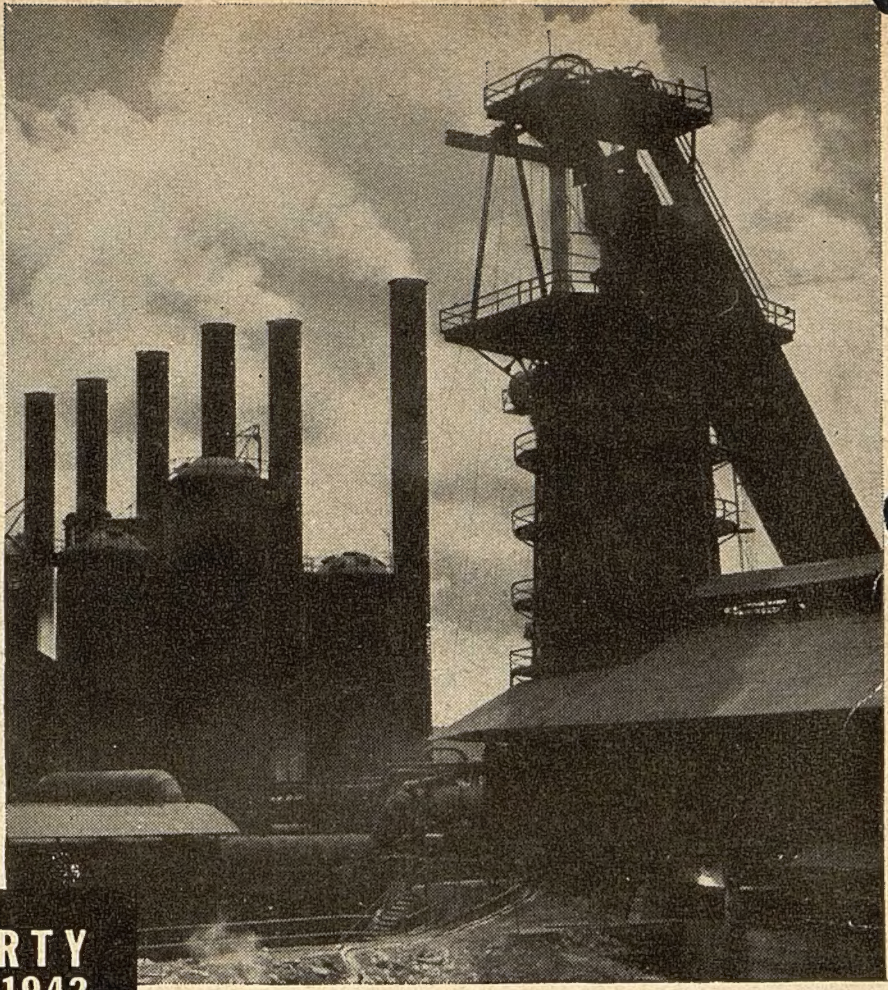
Name____________________ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address____________________

City__________ State__________

COPYRIGHT 1942, ETHYL CORPORATION





LIBERTY
Nov. 7, 1942

GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS

ONE of the matters shoved into the background by the war is the argument between government and business which enlivened our political discussions during the years since the New Deal began dealing.

This misunderstanding, though dormant now, still smolders with considerable heat and occasionally gives out bright ribbons of flame to prove it is by no means dead.

Generally speaking, we believe in letting sleeping dogs lie. However, while men's minds are cool on the subject, it might be well to review these differences in the light of recent developments.

We believe it now is apparent that the controversy grew out of mutual misunderstanding. Certain government officials felt business men as a whole were interested solely in profits and were not too particular as to how profits were acquired. Potentially, they thought, all business men were shady and if not watched carefully would be up to no good.

Business men, on their part, resented these suspicions and feared the administration was working toward some form of state-owned or state-controlled economy in which the individual owner would be frozen out altogether or become merely a manager for an all-embracing bureaucracy.

To business men this was not an enticing prospect. It was rendered less so by the contacts they had with bureaucracy in the persons of various representatives of government.

These officials, often overyoung, often ill supplied with a knowledge of the business they were attempting to regulate, but invariably oversuspicious, overzealous, and overarrogant, gave many business men a thoroughgoing case of the jitters on only slight contact.

Many business men, in turn, were unsympathetic to efforts at needed regulation and likewise were antagonistic, suspicious, and arrogant. Thus, arrogance called forth arrogance, suspicion bred suspicion, and what should have been constructive co-operation for the betterment of America, which all desired, turned into a welter of name-calling and harsh words on both sides.

We believe subsequent events reveal neither side had grounds for its suspicions.

If the administration really desired to take over business, no better opportunity could be afforded for doing so than the current war. However, ote, please, that in the few instances where government was forced to take over a business because of an insoluble labor problem, it returned the company to private management quickly and completely. Business is controlled, yes, but it has not been expropriated. Even the wartime controls imposed do not go as far as some prominent members of the opposing party believe necessary.

We think, on the record, the fear that the Roosevelt administration is bent on eliminating private enterprise has been proved baseless.

As to the theory that American business men are interested only in profits and not at all in their country's welfare, here again the record speaks for itself.

The call to arms and arms production has been answered by business more wholeheartedly and with less thought to selfish interest than ever before in our history. American business men are sacrificing to the struggle priceless assets not appraisable in cold, hard cash. Trademarked goods of long use are fast disappearing. Dealer and distributive organizations which took decades to build have disintegrated. Plans representing years of research and engineering have been tossed aside in order to serve America in her hour of need. Without complaint and without thought of tomorrow, business has rallied to the defense of America. Business men and government officials, working together to win the war, are discovering a mutual understanding and respect for each other which America has long needed.

We hope it lasts and that one of the good things we get out of this welter of blood and tears, toil and sweat is real and lasting co-operation between the business men who made America great and the government to which the whole world looks today for victory, justice, and freedom.

Paul Hunter

Take Your Pick of 400 Little Blue Books at Bargain Price of 5¢ Each

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR SERVICE MEN

Add 1c per book for packing, handling and carriage. Order by number. Order at least 20 books—as many more as you like. Canada and foreign, 7c per book, prepaid. If you order every book in this ad — 400 books — remit only $19.75 and we will prepay all carriage charges.

Self-Help Books

- 25 Rhyming Dictionary
- 75 On the Choice of Books
- 78 Hints on Public Speaking
- 82 Common Faults in Writing English
- 86 On Reading. Brandes
- 93 How to Live 100 Years
- 112 Secret of Self-Development
- 192 A Book of Synonyms
- 326 Hints on Writing Short Stories
- 514 Hints on Writing Poetry
- 556 Hints on Etiquette
- 629 Hand-book of Legal Forms
- 639 4,000 Most Essential English Words
- 681 Spelling Self Taught
- 682 Grammar Self Taught
- 683 Punctuation Self Taught
- 703 Physiology Self Taught
- 725 Zoology Self Taught
- 734 Useful Phrases
- 748 Plane Geometry Self Taught
- 751 How to Merchandise
- 801 A Rapid Calculator
- 815 Familiar Quotations
- 821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
- 822 Rhetoric Self Taught
- 823 English Composition Self Taught
- 835 Useful Tables
- 847 Card Games
- 855 How to Write Letters
- 856 Arithmetic Self Taught Part I
- 857 Arithmetic Self Taught Part II
- 868 Hints on Self-Improvement
- 872 Manual of Parliamentary Law
- 891 Your Talent and How to Develop It
- 894 How to Advertise
- 895 Astronomy for Beginners
- 994 Physics Self Taught
- 1004 How to Save Money
- 1031 How to Own Your Home
- 1174 How to Write Business Letters
- 1206 How to Swim
- 1319 How to Study
- 1351 How to Get Ahead
- 1357 What You Should Know About Law
- 1427 Law for Workingman
- 1503 Effective English in Speech and Writing
- 1504 How to Overcome Self-Consciousness
- 1555 Rules for Success in Business
- 1726 How to Think Creatively

Biography

- 33 Brann: Smasher of Shams
- 123 Life of Madame du Barry
- 141 Life of Napoleon
- 142 Life of Bismarck
- 253 Heart Affairs of Henry VIII
- 324 Life of Lincoln
- 343 Diary of Columbus in 1492
- 395 Autobiography of Cellini
- 412 Life of Mahomet
- 490 Life of Michelangelo
- 506 Life of Voltaire
- 522 Life of Thomas Paine
- 523 Life of Franklin
- 525 Life of Goethe
- 526 Life of Caesar
- 528 Life of Shakespeare
- 537 Life of Barnum
- 565 Magellan and the Pacific
- 604 Life of Roosevelt
- 718 Great Women of Antiquity
- 769 Life of Thomas Jefferson
- 1482 Career of Gen. U. S. Grant
- 1723 Career of Al Capone

Entertainment

- 606 How to Play Chess
- 626 Old Favorite Negro Songs
- 658 Toasts for All Occasions
- 704 Facts to Know About Palmistry
- 767 Facts to Know About Astrology
- 845 Facts to Know About Fortune-Telling
- 893 Five Hundred Riddles
- 995 How to Play the Piano
- 1006 Children's Games
- 1010 Book of Amateur Magic Tricks
- 1049 How to Teach Yourself to Sing
- 1103 Book of Puzzles and Brainteasers
- 1139 Photography Self Taught
- 1175 Amusing Riddles
- 1183 How to Play Checkers
- 1210 Mathematical Oddities
- 1239 Party Games for Grown Ups
- 1254 Contract Bridge Made Easy
- 1277 Hindu Magic Self Taught
- 1278 Ventriloquism Self Taught
- 1285 Gamblers' Crooked Tricks Exposed
- 1688 100 Cocktails
- 1747 Games of Solitaire

Famous Books

- 1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
- 220 Vest's Tribute to a Dog
- 313 Decay of Lying. Oscar Wilde
- 337 Pippa Passes. Robert Browning
- 349 Apology for Idlers
- 394 Boswell's Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson
- 406 Essay on Man. Alexander Pope
- 785 Ballads of Sir Walter Scott
- 1196 Girl with Three Husbands
- 1532 Don Quixote. Cervantes

Fiction

- 12 Mystery Tales. Poe
- 21 Carmen
- 23 Great Sea Stories
- 40 House and Brain
- 58 Tales from Decameron. Boccaccio
- 102 Sherlock Holmes Tales
- 107 The Dream Woman
- 145 Great Ghost Stories
- 215 Miraculous Revenge. Bernard Shaw
- 223 Wanton Wife of a King. Jack London
- 277 Man Without a Country
- 290 The Gold Bug
- 352 Short Stories, William Morris
- 375 Love Story of an Old Maid
- 630 Second-Story Man. Upton Sinclair
- 672 Illicit Love. Boccaccio
- 673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
- 698 Tales of Chicago. Ben Hecht
- 699 Broken Necks. Ben Hecht
- 746 A Daughter of Eve
- 1166 Infatuation
- 1457 Sketches of Naughty Ladies. Goethe
- 1458 The Princess and the Tiger. Goethe
- 1605 The Girl in the Snappy Roadster
- 1610 One Lover Among Many
- 1624 The Woman Who Inspired Fatal Passion. Anatole France
- 1669 The Jolly Beggars. Robt. Burns

Fine Arts

- 387 History of Painting
- 403 History of Music
- 466 History of Sculpture
- 468 History of Architecture

French Literature in English

- 3 Fourteen Little Essays. Voltaire
- 6 Love. Maupassant
- 27 Last Days of Condemned Man. Hugo
- 28 Toleration. Voltaire
- 52 Oration on Voltaire. Hugo
- 66 Crimes of Borgias. Dumas
- 85 Attack on the Mill. Zola
- 87 Love: An Essay. Montaigne
- 103 Pocket Theology. Voltaire
- 104 Battle of Waterloo. Hugo
- 178 One of Cleopatra's Nights
- 198 Majesty of Justice. France
- 199 The Tallow Ball. Maupassant
- 200 Ignorant Philosopher. Voltaire
- 221 On Women, Maeterlinck
- 292 Mademoiselle Fifi. Maupassant
- 314 Short Stories. Daudet
- 344 Don Juan. Balzac
- 886 The Piece of String. Maupassant
- 887 The Necklace. De Maupassant
- 888 Memoirs of Madame de Stael

Health

- 1242 Care of Skin and Hair
- 1321 Fasting for Health
- 1426 Foot Troubles Corrected
- 1435 Constipation: Its Correction
- 1443 Daily Exercises for Busy People
- 1478 Poor Posture Corrected by Exercise
- 1479 Correction of Underweight and Overweight
- 1534 How to Test Urine at Home
- 1553 Exercises for Nervousness and Indigestion
- 1563 Marvels of Sunlight

History

- 50 Paine's Common Sense
- 83 Marriage: Its Past, Present and Future. Annie Besant
- 126 History of Rome
- 149 Historic Crimes and Criminals
- 150 Lost Civilizations
- 214 Speeches of Lincoln
- 276 Speeches of Washington
- 558 Great Pirates. C. J. Finger
- 596 A History of Modern Mexico
- 597 History of American Revolution
- 627 History of the Jews
- 1065 Lives of U. S. Presidents
- 1241 Outline of U. S. History
- 1757 Facts About Alaska

Humor

- 20 Let's Laugh. Nasby
- 26 On Going to Church. Bernard Shaw
- 168 Witty Epigrams. Oscar Wilde
- 291 The Jumping Frog. Twain
- 347 Riddle Rimes
- 348 Best Wit of the Scotch
- 382 Humor of Lincoln
- 670 Josh Billings' Comical Lexicon
- 771 Humor of "Bill" Nye
- 971 Humorous Anecdotes
- 1115 Ridiculous Stories
- 1146 College Humor
- 1191 Broadway Wisecracks
- 1199 Laughable Lyrics
- 1200 Nonsense Stories
- 1261 Prize Winning Tongue Twisters

Juvenile

- 44 Aesop's Fables
- 57 Rip Van Winkle
- 156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
- 158 Alice in Wonderland
- 188 Adventures of Munchausen
- 391 Dog of Flanders. Ouida
- 516 Real Adventures
- 554 Child's Garden of Verse
- 559 Robinson Crusoe
- 716 Mother Goose
- 819 Strange Murders
- 836 Bluebeard, Cinderella

Literature

- 79 Enoch Arden
- 95 Confessions of an Opium Eater
- 146 Snowbound; Pied Piper
- 148 Strength of the Strong. Jack London
- 152 Son of the Wolf. Jack London
- 177 Subjection of Women
- 229 Ridiculous Women. Moliere
- 285 Unconventional Amour
- 289 Pepys' Diary
- 513 Travels of Marco Polo
- 661 Neurotic America and the Sex Impulse
- 799 Deserted Village. Oliver Goldsmith
- 829 Voltaire. Clarence Darrow
- 1569 Boccaccio—Lover and Chronicler of Love
- 1673 Runaway Wife

Love and Romance

- 106 Frenchwoman's Views of Life
- 196 The Marquise: Secret Passion
- 283 Courtship of Miles Standish
- 404 Romances of Paris
- 410 French Amorous Misadventures
- 438 Secret Memoirs of French Royal Mistress
- 540 Brightly Colored Tales of Passion
- 541 French Love Stories of Many Hues
- 665 Love Letters of a Parisian Actress
- 713 Byron and the Women He Loved
- 786 Catherine the Great and Her Lovers
- 810 Some Polite Scandals of Parisian Life
- 817 Her Burning Secret
- 915 Mad, and Other Stories
- 916 Night in Whitechapel
- 917 Room No. 11
- 918 Man with the Blue Eyes
- 919 The Clown
- 920 Queer Night in Paris
- 921 Mme. Tellier's Establishment
- 922 Wife's Confession
- 975 Cleopatra and Her Loves
- 976 Casanova: World's Greatest Lover
- 990 Wagner's Great Love Affair
- 1046 Coquette vs. a Wife
- 1047 Mysterious Exiles
- 1067 Splendors of a Courtesan
- 1113 Love from Many Angles
- 1195 First Love, and Other Tales
- 1202 Forbidden Love
- 1213 Romance That Balzac Lived
- 1270 Among the Mormons
- 1392 Confessions of a Gold Digger
- 1428 Curious Love Affairs
- 1445 Wild Women of Broadway
- 1587 Amazing Loves of King Carol of Rumania
- 1620 Merry Tales. France
- 1622 Five Women and the Grand Passion. France
- 1656 The Girdle of Aphrodite

Philosophy

- 11 A Guide to Nietzsche
- 19 Nietzsche: Who He Was
- 35 Facing Plain Facts of Life
- 96 Dialogues of Plato
- 101 Thoughts on Man. Pascal
- 153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
- 159 Guide to Plato
- 195 Thoughts on Nature. Thoreau
- 414 Art of Happiness. Powys
- 520 A Guide to Spinoza. Durant
- 571 Story of Kant's Philosophy
- 671 Moral Discourses of Epictetus
- 839 Anatole France: Laughing Cynic

Religion

- 4 The Age of Reason. Paine
- 61 What is Religion? Tolstoy
- 184 Primitive Beliefs
- 593 As a Man Thinketh
- 600 The Essence of the Bible
- 636 Greatest Thing in the World
- 684 Essence of Judaism

Russian Literature (in English)

- 24 The Kiss. Chekhov
- 45 Tolstoy's Short Stories
- 100 Red Laugh. Andreyev
- 105 Seven Hanged. Andreyev
- 239 26 Men and a Girl. Gorky

Science

- 53 Insects and Men: Instinct and Reason
- 92 Hypnotism Made Plain
- 190 Psycho-Analysis: The Key to Human Behavior
- 217 The Puzzle of Personality
- 408 Einstein's Relativity Explained
- 447 Auto-Suggestion
- 467 Facts About Evolution
- 491 Psychology for Beginners
- 524 Death: and Its Problems
- 555 Structure of the Earth
- 603 A-B-C of the Electron Theory
- 679 Chemistry for Beginners
- 727 Psychology of Affections
- 761 Food and Diet
- 804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
- 806 Facts About the Nature of Science
- 808 Man's Debt to the Sun
- 876 Curiosities of Mathematics
- 1299 Origin of Life
- 1429 Airplanes, How to Fly Them
- 1442 Facts About Graphology
- 1514 Inventions of Edison
- 1595 Facts About Calendar
- 1722 Fortune Telling from Dreams
- 1754 How to Read Finger Prints

Social Hygiene

- 14 What Every Girl Should Know
- 74 Physiology of Sex Life
- 91 Manhood: Facts of Life
- 98 How to Love. Wood
- 172 Evolution of Sex. Wood
- 189 Eugenics Made Plain
- 203 Love Rights of Women
- 648 Rejuvenation—Fountain of Youth. Fielding
- 651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself
- 653 What Boys Should Know
- 654 What Young Men Should Know
- 655 What Young Women Should Know
- 656 What Married Men Should Know
- 657 What Married Women Should Know
- 689 Woman's Sexual Life
- 690 Man's Sexual Life
- 691 The Child's Sexual Life
- 717 Modern Sexual Morality
- 726 Simple Facts About Venereal Diseases
- 782 Psycho-Analysis and the Mind and Body
- 784 Tests Used in Psycho-Analysis
- 800 Sex in Psychoanalysis
- 864 Confidential Chats With Husbands

Miscellaneous

- 986 How to Talk and Debate
- 987 The Art of Kissing
- 988 The Art of Courtship
- 1003 How to Think Logically
- 1009 Typewriting Self Taught
- 1012 Best Negro Jokes
- 1013 Best Irish Jokes
- 1014 Best American Jokes
- 1018 Humorous Limericks
- 1023 Popular Recitations
- 1040 Bedtime Stories
- 1043 Study of Woman. Balzac
- 1069 Conquest of Fear
- 1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles
- 1078 Morals in Greece and Rome
- 1093 Amusing Puns
- 1097 Memory: How to Develop
- 1109 Spanish Self Taught
- 1126 Eating for Health
- 1170 Funny Ghost Stories
- 1176 A Mad Love
- 1184 Book of Best Scotch Jokes
- 1207 French Self Taught
- 1221 Facts About Will Power
- 1228 Best Jokes About Drunks
- 1231 Book of Best Jokes
- 1249 Best Jokes About Lovers
- 1292 Best Short Stories
- 1320 How to Get a Husband
- 1333 Common Sense of Health
- 1340 How to Get a Job
- 1341 Unusual Menus
- 1342 Typical Love-Problems
- 1354 Book of Striking Similes
- 1413 My Prison Days
- 1418 Broadway Gangsters and Their Rackets
- 1419 Curious Deaths
- 1430 Shorthand Self Taught
- 1434 How to Think Clearly
- 1436 Strange Marriage Customs
- 1475 Book of Best Jokes
- 1476 What to Know About Your Sensations
- 1508 Facts About Poisons
- 1524 Famous Eccentric Americans
- 1548 Chinese Cook Book
- 1562 How to Live Long
- 1567 Making Men Happy with Jams and Jellies
- 1633 Exploits of a Fiddler
- 1677 How Army and Navy Fight Venereal Diseases
- 1710 The Magic of Numbers
- 1712 Great Dates in History
- 1714 Determinism vs. Free Will
- 1715 Funeral Services Without Theology
- 1717 Religion and Progress
- 1719 Inge's Apology for Christianity
- 1721 Gambler's Luck
- 1727 Fifty Famous Sauces
- 1738 How to Win Prize Contests
- 1739 Hints on Developing Personality
- 1740 True Prison Escapes
- 1746 Mediums' Tricks and Rackets Exposed
- 1753 Why Many Women Are Unattractive
- 1756 Simplified Cook-Book
- 1761 America's Little Hitlers

HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO.

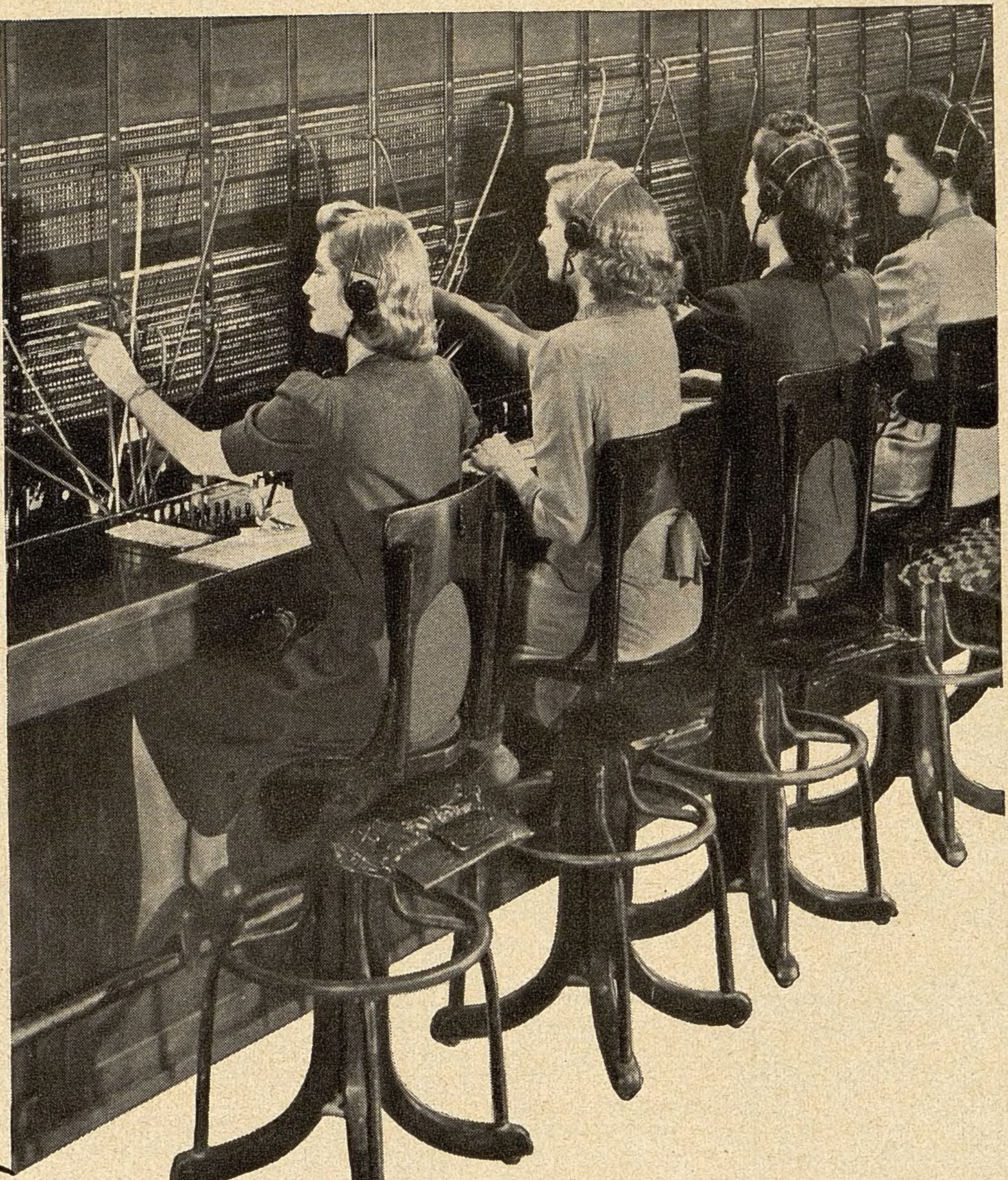
Dept. A-62 :-: :-: Girard, Kansas, U. S. A.

THIS IS A LONG DISTANCE SWITCHBOARD

We can't get materials to build enough of them. And those we have now are crowded with war calls.

So please do not make Long Distance calls to centers of war activity.

These girls are at battle stations on the telephone front. They have as much as they can do to get the war calls through.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WAR CALLS COME FIRST

JAPANESE CLOSE-UP

Here's a typical Japanese soldier.

Clear light on the Jap soldier, not as hearsay pictures him but as he really is—behind the lines, in battle in the jungles, or taken prisoner

BY WILLIAM S. MUNDAY

War correspondent of the Sydney (Australia) Morning Herald
By wireless from Cairo, Egypt

READING TIME
15 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WE make a lot of mistakes about the Jap. First we underrated him. Now a lot of people are inclined to think his cunning is superhuman, his fanaticism spells invincibility. That is wrong too. He is a good soldier. He is going to be a tough proposition, but we can lick him and lick him thoroughly.

We got to know him pretty well in Burma. He wasn't much to look at. The Chinese, who do not have any word in their language for "Japanese," were calling them "monkey people" long before tree-climbing became part of their war tactics. He is short—average height is five feet one inch—stocky, usually bandy-legged, because from childhood he has been squatting on straw mats. To try to look taller than he is he developed a jerky, springy walk. To indicate respect he sucks in his breath sharply when he talks to officers and foreigners.

In his shoddy uniform and cap of russet brown cotton cloth, with his puttees done right up to his knees, the Japanese soldier looks like a caricature of an American baseball player. His socks, with separate compartments for his big toes, have betrayed many a Jap who tried to get through the Allied lines disguised as a Burman, Chinese, or Gurkha.

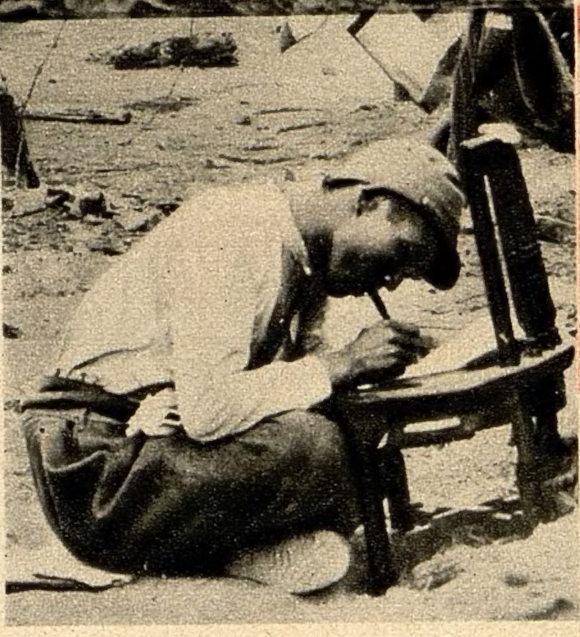
He likes to get out of his uniform as often as he can. A pair of shorts and sand shoes were enough for fighting in the jungle. When resting, he is naked except for a loincloth, and you'd probably find him squatting by the roadside, trying to patch his broken boots with wire, string, and rusty nails. If he is not doing that, he is probably writing in his diary.

Every Japanese soldier keeps a diary methodically, just as his Emperor Hirohito began doing when eleven years of age. A diary is Japanese army issue for each officer and man. They often write in a poetical vein, like that wherein the Japanese gave their warships names such as "Soft kiss of the breeze on snow-capped waves."

Just before he was killed Lieutenant Ishigawa wrote: "Enemy planes came over, dropped bombs, then like dragonflies flew away into the stratosphere." First-class soldier Hosogawa, lamenting Burma's intense heat, mourned "the early peach blossoms which are now blooming in Japan."

Jap prisoners at Bataan, "resting naked"—and eating bread Americans shared with them.

They don't enjoy jungle heat, but they do charge through bamboo groves like monkeys.



Left: Every Jap soldier, whenever he has time, writes in his diary.

The Japanese hate heat. It has been one of our commonest mistakes about them—to think that they were more at home in the tropics than European troops. They suffered as intensely but adapted fighting tactics more quickly.

They have two other "number one" hates. They hate darkness, which is another surprise for us, considering that they carry out most of their movements at night. Also they dread tropical diseases, which makes them the most hygiene-conscious troops. When the Gurkhas fell on them in a night attack near Bilin, it was their more than average supernatural dread of darkness, as much as anything, which caused them to grovel in terror. That night the heaviest and bloodiest casualties inflicted on the invaders during the Battle of Burma were meted out to them.

Rigid rules about health and cleanliness, which have long been instilled into the imperial army, have made these matters an obsession with every officer and man. If the Japanese soldier carries any surplus kit, it is fairly certain that it will be a bottle of patent medicine or a Japanese brand of yeast tablets, with health hints contained in a Reference Book on Operations in the Tropics, issued to officers months before Japan entered the war.

The issue stamp on the copy I saw was dated September 30, 1941, and read, "Every effort must be made to prevent decreasing our fighting strength from heat stroke and epidemics. . . . Slackness in the tropics, which results in the neglect of sanitation, must be overcome."

Between the leaves of his diary it is likely that a Japanese will have a lucky charm of red silk lettered in gold thread, and a couple of post cards for writing home—printed, all ready for him to mail, by the army.

These post cards read: "I am well. The war is splendid. I'll be home soon." A man writing home may cross out any sentence but he may not add to them, because the Japanese are obsessed by another fear, namely, that some information of military value will fall into the hands of the British or Americans. Intense propaganda has firmly convinced the Jap that both have been preparing for war against Japan for many years. He is not worried about the odds against him. He has been taught that he never lost a war. As a result, his morale is very high.

The Japanese soldier has considerably more respect for the Chinese as antagonists than he has for European or Indian troops. English officers are always being portrayed in leaflets and propaganda cartoons as the "genial ass" type with tiny mustache, buck teeth, receding chin, and spindly legs, creeping off and leaving the unarmed Chinese to try to bar the way against the mammoth well armed Jap warrior.

There's another thing you can almost take for granted about the Japanese soldier, whether officer or man. It is pretty certain that he was a poor farm boy or belonged somewhere in the agricultural class when the army got him. Rich men's sons and sons of city business men go into the navy. So, army-wide, there's a hatred of business men and city dwellers.

It must be remembered that the Japanese have a history of a thousand years of warmaking. First, it was almost continuous civil war between the shoguns, or war lords, with their daimio or knights, and the samurai retainers who did the actual fighting. They developed the so-called chivalric code of Bushido, meaning "the way of the warrior," which, in so far as it implied discipline and loyalty, is still being instilled in every Japanese soldier.

In 1872—only seventy years ago—these warring bands were absorbed into the national army and compulsory service was introduced. But Japan went on being a military state with the army dominant, owing allegiance and obedience only to the emperor, Son of Heaven.

The samurai tradition of "might is

Even these Jap officers probably began life as poor farm boys and still hate city folk.

right" has lived on too. The Japanese soldier of today goes even more willingly to war because he believes his mission is ordained by his emperor, who is divine. His military textbook is prefaced with the imperial rescript of the first emperor, Jimmu, which every Japanese soldier must learn by heart.

"We shall build our capital all over the world, make the whole world our dominion," it begins, and the footnote says, "This rescript has been given to our race and our troops as an everlasting categorical imperative."

At noon on New Year's Day—it is the year 2602 now, according to the Japanese calendar—and again at noon on February 11, the anniversary of the accession of Jimmu, from whom Hirohito is the 123d descendant in direct line, every Japanese soldier, no matter where he is, kowtows his humble respects toward the emperor's palace in Tokyo. The emperor being the divine ruler, naturally his rule must be extended over all mankind.

Apart from emperor worship, which is part of the Shinto religion of Japan, perhaps the most outstanding thing about the Japanese Army is its excellent discipline. Whether regulars of the imperial force, seasoned by years of campaigning in China and Manchukuo, or wartime conscripts, they are equally efficient in this respect.

"Salute correctly" is the first maxim laid down for the recruit. Instant, unquestioning obedience is emphasized in all army textbooks, lectures, and orders as the first essential for winning victories. It might be expected that the relations between officers and men would not be good, but they are.

The army in itself is democratic to the extent that every officer must have served at least nine months in the ranks. Officers are chosen and promoted according to merit, and on no other consideration. They are efficient and tough to the point of cruelty and ruthlessness, according to Western standards, but the Japanese have long accepted all that as a matter of course. They enjoy regimentation, which Hitler is trying to impose upon the free peoples of Europe. Commando members told me that while in hiding they watched Japanese working parties which were even swinging picks in well drilled unison.

However, Japanese officers differ in one significant respect from their men. They will never under any circumstances, no matter how trying the weather may be, take off any portion of their rather tight-fitting uniform. Never, unless to go to bed at night, does the officer kick off his highly polished boots and leggings, or unstrap his long sword with its ornate handle. He sleeps on a blanket on the ground—camp beds being unknown to the Japanese Army—and, as his men do, he flavors his rice with green mangoes knocked off the trees.

Like his men, he is left to supplement his rice with whatever he can gather or buy from the country wherein he is fighting. It may be cabbages or marrows, sometimes a chicken, sometimes a pig, and occasionally a piece of raw fish, which tidbit every Jap loves dearly. Occasionally, too, an ox or even a water buffalo is killed. Then the officers come along and get the steaks, which they roast on a skewer over an open fire.

Altogether, Japanese invaders manage to live fairly well. But an interesting side light during the Burma campaign was an order of the day telling the men to cease using their small-arms ammunition to shoot birds.

The Japanese Army brings its own currency with it, so it can afford to be a liberal spender. The Japs were deeply hurt, therefore, when the Burmans, Malayans, and other peoples with whom they thus tried to ingratiate themselves, showed extreme reluctance to accept this worthless money in exchange for food, even though the Japanese Army printers had printed these notes in English as proof of their soundness.

Japanese naïveté is equaled only by their lack of a sense of humor. Theirs is a mission, they believe, so weighty, so serious, that there is no time for occasional laughter or fun, wherein even the sorely pressed Chinese are still able to indulge. Even when marching at ease along a road far behind the front line, the *gunka* or war song which they chant isn't the lusty, happy chorus that any other

(Continued on page 57)

THE SAINT STEPS IN

Beginning a new novel of the Robin Hood of modern crime. Simon Templar goes to Washington and steps into a strange, perilous web of wartime intrigue

BY LESLIE CHARTERIS

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

SHE was young and slender, and she had smiling brown eyes and hair the color of old mahogany. She squeezed in beside Simon Templar at the bar of the Mayflower and said: "You're the Saint."

Simon smiled back because she was easy to smile at; but not all of the smile went into his very clear blue eyes that always had a faint glint of mockery away behind them, like an amused spectator sitting far back in a respectful audience.

He said: "Am I?"

"I recognized you," she said.

He sighed. The days of happy anonymity that once upon a time had made his lawless career relatively simple seemed suddenly as far away as his last diapers. Not that even today he was as fatefully recognizable as Clark Gable: there were still several million people on earth to whom his face, if not his name, would have meant nothing at all; but he was recognized often enough for it to be what he sometimes called an occupational hazard.

"I'm afraid there's no prize," he said. "There isn't even a reward out at the moment, so far as I know."

IT hadn't always been that way. There had been a time, actually not so very long ago, when half the police departments of the world carried a dossier on the Saint in their active and urgent file, when hardly a month went by without some newspaper headlining a new story on the amazing brigand whom they had christened the Robin Hood of modern crime, and when any stranger accosting the Saint by name would have seen that lean, tanned, reckless face settle into new lines of piratical impudence, and the long sinewy frame become lazy and supple like the crouch of a jungle cat. Those days might come back again at any time; but just now he was almost drearily respectable. The war had changed a lot of things. . . .

"I wanted to talk to you," she said.

"You seem to be making out all right." He looked into his empty glass. "Would you like a drink?"

"Dry sack."

He gave the order, and had another whisky-and-soda for himself.

"What do we talk about?" he asked. "I can't tell you the story of my life, because one third of it is unprintable, one third is too incriminating, and the rest of it you wouldn't believe anyhow."

"I was going to ask you to help me," she said.

She said it so casually that it didn't register at once as it should have, and it was a moment before he looked at her. But by that time he might only have imagined that she had said it at all, for by then she was saying in exactly the same conversational tone: "I don't know why, but I'd sort of imagined you in a uniform."

Simon didn't look tired, because he had heard the same dialogue before. He had various answers to it, all of them inaccurate. The plain truth was that most of the things he did best were not done in uniform—such as the interesting episode which had reached its soul-satisfying finale only twelve hours ago, and which was the reason why he was still in Washington, relaxing over a drink for the first time in seven very strenuous days. But things like that couldn't be talked about for a while.

"I got fired, and my uniform happened to fit the new doorman," he said. "How did you think I could help you?"

"I suppose you'll think I'm stupid," she said, "but I'm just a little bit frightened."

The slight lift of his right eyebrow was noncommittal.

"Sometimes it's stupid not to be. It all depends. Excuse the platitude, but I just want to find out what you mean."

"Do you think anything could happen to any one in Washington?"

"Anything," said the Saint with conviction, "could happen to any one in Washington. And most of the time it does. That's why so many people here have ulcers."

"Could any one be killed here?"

He shrugged.

"I could imagine it," he said amiably. "Is that the proposition, and who do you want bumped off?"

She turned the stem of her glass between her fingers, not looking at him.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't think you'd be like that."

"I'm sorry too," he said coolly. "But, after all, you make the most unusual openings. I only read about these things in magazines. You seem to know something about me. I don't know anything about you, except that I'd rather look at you than a dead senator. Let's begin with the introduction. I don't even know your name."

"Madeline Gray."

"It's a nice name. Should it ring bells?"

"No."

"You aren't working for a newspaper, by any chance?"

"No."

"You just have an academic interest in whether I think it would be practical to ease a guy off in this village."

"It isn't exactly academic," she said.

He took a cigarette from the pack in front of him on the bar.

"I'm sorry again," he said. "But you sounded so very cheerful and chatty about it—"

"Cheerful and chatty," she said, "because I don't want any one who's watching me to know everything I'm talking to you about. I thought you'd be quick enough to get that. On account of I didn't mean a guy."

THE Saint put a match to his cigarette. Everything inside him was suddenly very quiet and still, like the stillness after the stopping of a clock which had never been noticed until after it left an abrupt intensity of silence.

"Meaning yourself?" he asked easily.

She was spilling things out of her handbag, searching for a lipstick. She found it. The same movement of her hand that picked it up slid a piece of paper out of the junk pile in his direction. Shoulder to shoulder with her as he was, it lay right under his eyes.

In crudely blocked capitals, it said: "DON'T TRY TO SEE IMBERLINE."

"I never wanted to see him," said the Saint.

"You don't have to. But I've got an appointment with him at eight o'clock."

"Who is he?"

"He's in the WPB."

The name began to sound faintly familiar, although Simon Templar had very little more general knowledge of the multitudinous personnel of the various Washington bureaus than an average citizen.

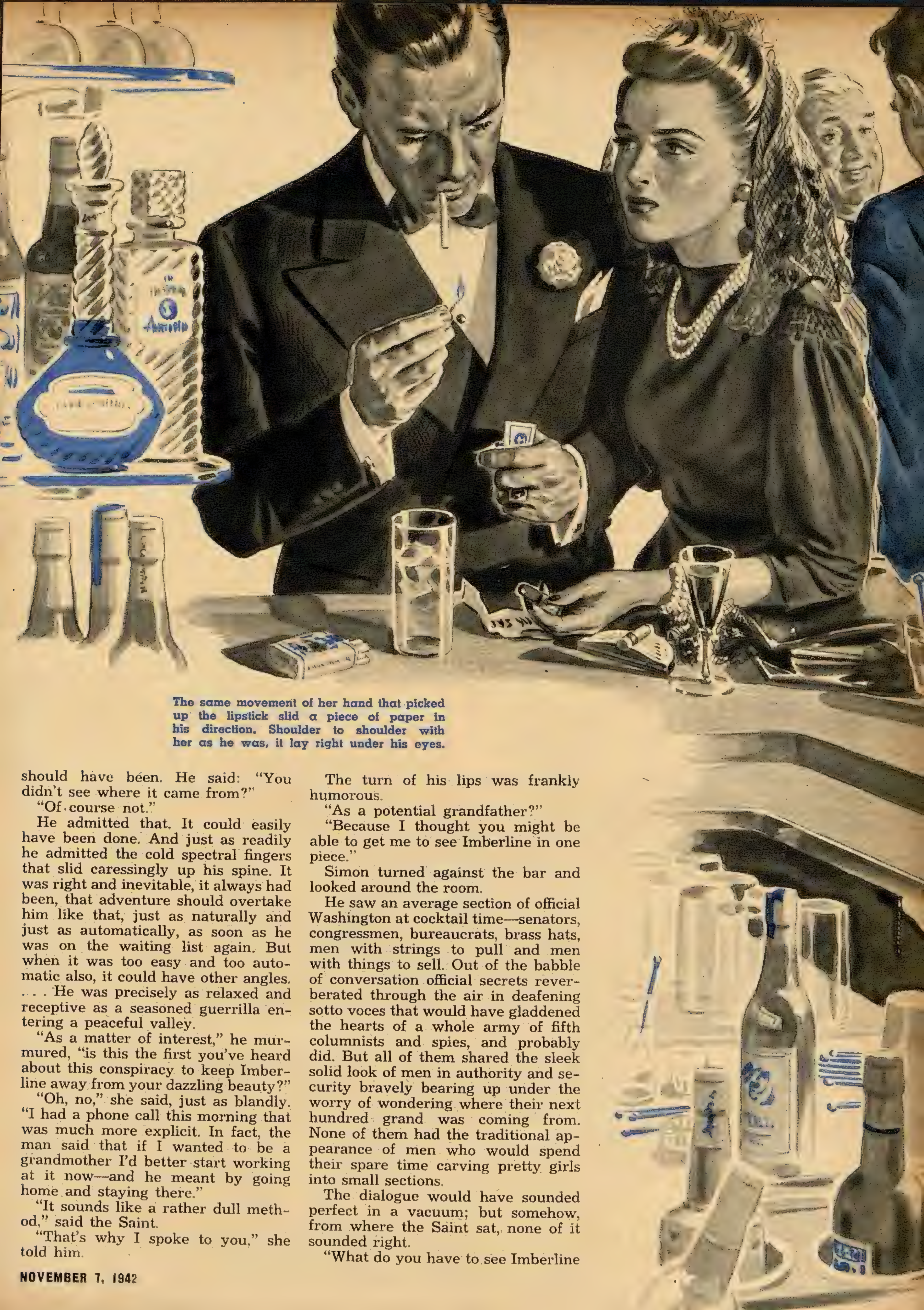
He said: "Hasn't he heard about making the world safe for the forty-hour week?"

"Maybe not."

"And somebody doesn't want you to put him wise."

"I don't know. Anyway, that note was tossed into my lap about twenty minutes ago."

Simon glanced at the paper again. It was wrinkled and crumpled as it



The same movement of her hand that picked up the lipstick slid a piece of paper in his direction. Shoulder to shoulder with her as he was, it lay right under his eyes.

should have been. He said: "You didn't see where it came from?"

"Of course not."

He admitted that. It could easily have been done. And just as readily he admitted the cold spectral fingers that slid caressingly up his spine. It was right and inevitable, it always had been, that adventure should overtake him like that, just as naturally and just as automatically, as soon as he was on the waiting list again. But when it was too easy and too automatic also, it could have other angles. . . . He was precisely as relaxed and receptive as a seasoned guerrilla entering a peaceful valley.

"As a matter of interest," he murmured, "is this the first you've heard about this conspiracy to keep Imberline away from your dazzling beauty?"

"Oh, no," she said, just as blandly. "I had a phone call this morning that was much more explicit. In fact, the man said that if I wanted to be a grandmother I'd better start working at it now—and he meant by going home and staying there."

"It sounds like a rather dull method," said the Saint.

"That's why I spoke to you," she told him.

The turn of his lips was frankly humorous.

"As a potential grandfather?"

"Because I thought you might be able to get me to see Imberline in one piece."

Simon turned against the bar and looked around the room.

He saw an average section of official Washington at cocktail time—senators, congressmen, bureaucrats, brass hats, men with strings to pull and men with things to sell. Out of the babble of conversation official secrets reverberated through the air in deafening sotto voces that would have gladdened the hearts of a whole army of fifth columnists and spies, and probably did. But all of them shared the sleek solid look of men in authority and security bravely bearing up under the worry of wondering where their next hundred grand was coming from. None of them had the traditional appearance of men who would spend their spare time carving pretty girls into small sections.

The dialogue would have sounded perfect in a vacuum; but somehow, from where the Saint sat, none of it sounded right.

"What do you have to see Imberline

about?" he asked, and tried not to seem perfunctory.

"I don't know whether I should tell you that."

The Saint was still very patient. And then he began to laugh inside. It was still fun, and she was really interesting to look at, and after all you couldn't have everything.

A round stocky man who must once have been a door-to-door salesman crowded heavily in beside him and began shouting obstreperously at the nearest bartender. Simon heeled him carefully in the left shin, apologized very politely, and consulted his watch.

"You've still got more than an hour to spare," he said. "Let's have some food and talk it over."

They had food. He ordered lobster Cardinal and a bottle of Château Olivier. And they talked about everything else under the sun. It passed the time surprisingly quickly. She was fun to talk to, although nothing was said that either of them would ever remember. He enjoyed it much more than the solitary meal he had expected. And he was almost sorry when they were at their coffee and, for the sake of the record, he had to call a showdown.

He said: "Darling, I've enjoyed every minute of this, and I'll forgive you anything, but if you really wanted me to help you it must have occurred to you that I'd want to have some idea what I was helping. So let's finish the story."

Her dark eyes studied him quietly for several seconds. Then she searched through her purse again.

This time she came out with something about six inches long, like a thick piece of tape, and a sort of shiny pale translucent orange in color. She passed it across the table.

SIMON took it and fingered it experimentally. It was soft but resistant, tough against the pressure of a thumbnail, flexible, and—elastic. He stretched it and snapped it back a couple of times, and then his gaze was cool and estimating on her.

"Rubber?" he said.

"Synthetic."

His eyebrows hardly moved.

"What kind?"

"Something quite new. It's mostly sawdust, vinegar, milk—and of course two or three other important things. But it isn't derived from butadiene."

"That must be a load off its mind," he remarked. "What is butadiene?"

Her unaffected solemnity could have been comic if it had not seemed so completely unconscious.

"That's something you make out of petroleum or grain alcohol. It's the base of the buna synthetic rubbers. Of course that might be rather technical for you."

"It might," he admitted.

"The thing that matters is that the production of buna is still quite experimental, and in any case it involves a pretty elaborate and expensive plant. This stuff you can practically mix in a bathtub. My father invented it. His name is Calvin Gray. You've probably never heard of him, but he's rated one of the top research chemists in the country."

"And you're here to sell this to Imberline?"

She nodded. "If that's as easy as it sounds. But it hasn't been, so far. . . . My father started working on this idea years ago, but then natural rubber was so cheap that it didn't seem worth going on with. When the war started and the Japs began moving in on Thailand, he saw what was coming and started working again."

"He must have had hundreds of people rooting for him."

"Is that what you think? After he published his first results, his laboratory was burned out once, and blown up twice. Accidents, of course. But he knows, and I know, that they weren't his fault. And then when he had it perfected and he came here to try and give it to the government, you should have seen the runaround they gave him."

"I can imagine it."

"Of course he's quite an individualist, and he hasn't read books about winning friends and influencing people. But at the same time he's rather easily discouraged. He ended up by damning every one and going home."

"And so?"

"I came back for him," she said.

Simon handed the sample back to her with a tinge of regret. It was a lovely performance, and he didn't believe a word of it. He wished that some day some impressionable and personable young piece of loveliness would have the outrageous honesty to come up to him and simply say: "I think you're marvelous and I'd give anything to see you in action," without trying to feed him an inferior plot to work on. He felt really sorry about it, because she seemed like nice people and he could have liked her in other circumstances.

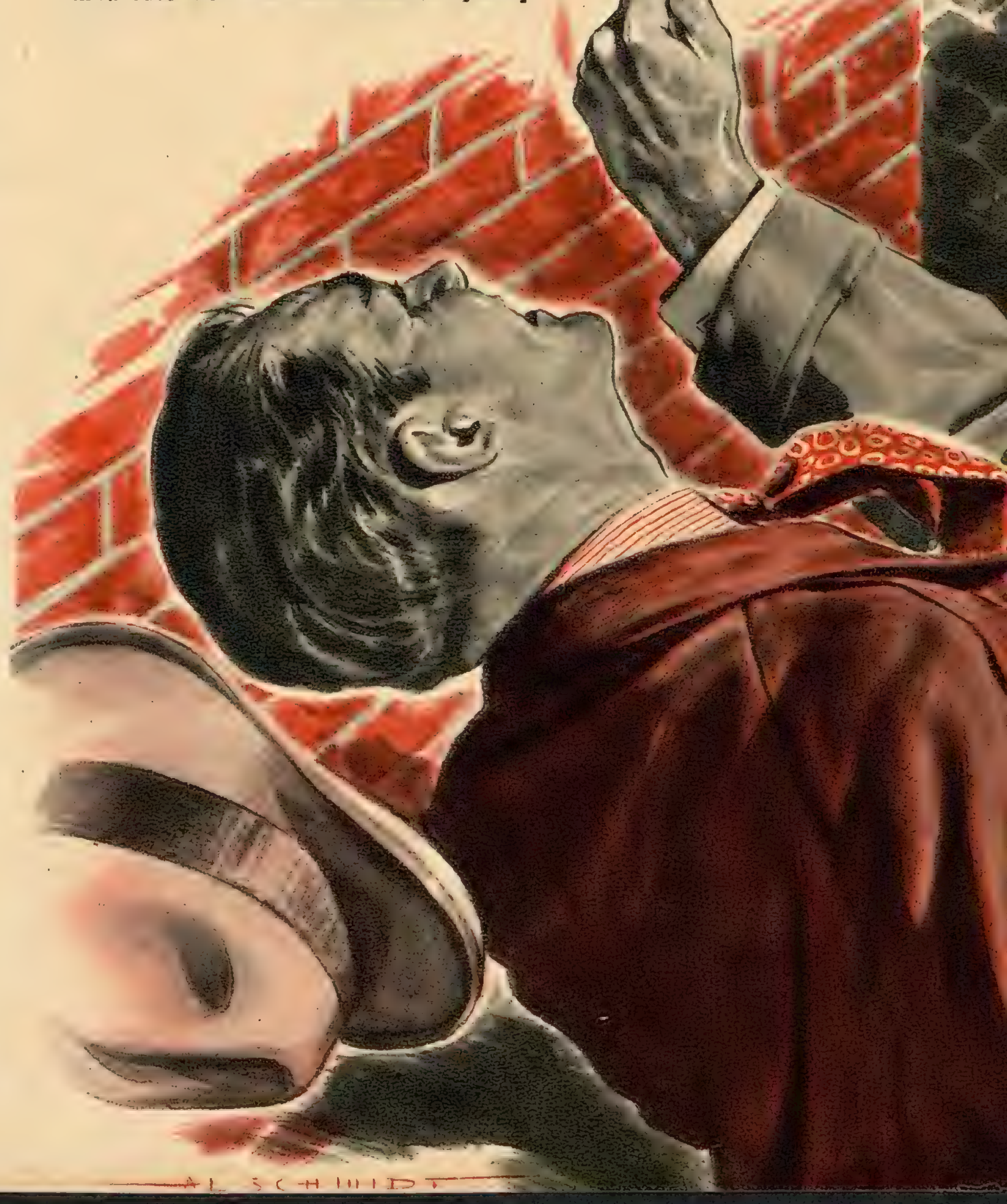
"If you think you're on the spot, you ought to talk to the F. B. I.," he said. "Or if you're just getting the old runabout, squawk to one of the papers. If you pick the right one, they'll pour their hearts into a story like that."

She stood up so suddenly that some of his coffee spilled in the saucer. She looked rather fine doing that, and the waste of it hurt him.

"I'm sorry," she said huskily. "It was a silly idea, wasn't it? But it was nice to have dinner with you, just the same."

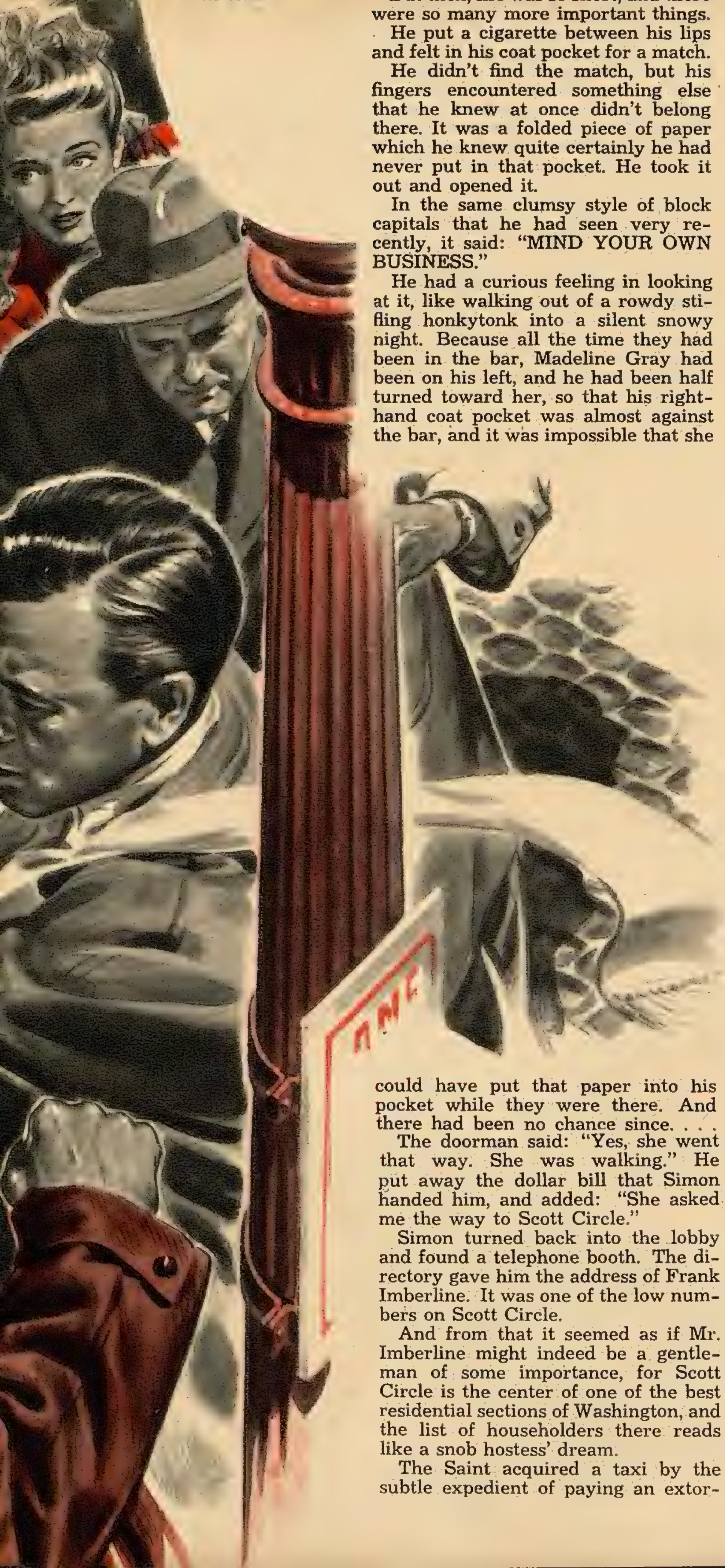
He sat there quite sympathetically while she walked away.

The dining room seemed unusually dull after she had disappeared. Perhaps, he thought, he had been rather uncouthly hasty. After all, he had



The Saint's left ripped up in a short smash to the jaw. The tall man went pedaling back in a race with his own center of gravity.

ILLUSTRATED BY
AL SCHMIDT



been enjoying himself. He could have gone along with the gag.

But then, life was so short, and there were so many more important things.

He put a cigarette between his lips and felt in his coat pocket for a match.

He didn't find the match, but his fingers encountered something else that he knew at once didn't belong there. It was a folded piece of paper which he knew quite certainly he had never put in that pocket. He took it out and opened it.

In the same clumsy style of block capitals that he had seen very recently, it said: "MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

He had a curious feeling in looking at it, like walking out of a rowdy stifling honkytonk into a silent snowy night. Because all the time they had been in the bar, Madeline Gray had been on his left, and he had been half turned toward her, so that his right-hand coat pocket was almost against the bar, and it was impossible that she could have put that paper into his pocket while they were there. And there had been no chance since. . . .

The doorman said: "Yes, she went that way. She was walking." He put away the dollar bill that Simon handed him, and added: "She asked me the way to Scott Circle."

Simon turned back into the lobby and found a telephone booth. The directory gave him the address of Frank Imberline. It was one of the low numbers on Scott Circle.

And from that it seemed as if Mr. Imberline might indeed be a gentleman of some importance, for Scott Circle is the center of one of the best residential sections of Washington, and the list of householders there reads like a snob hostess' dream.

The Saint acquired a taxi by the subtle expedient of paying an extortionate bribe to a driver who maintained that he had an appointment with a customer. He sat forward and watched the road all the time with an accelerating impatience that turned into an odd feeling of emptiness as he began to realize that the time was approaching and passing when they should have overtaken her. Unless she had taken a different route or picked up a taxi on the way, or . . .

Or . . .

Then they were entering Scott Circle and stopping at the number he had given the driver. He didn't see another taxi at the door or anywhere in the vicinity.

He got out and paid his fare. The front of the house seemed very dark, except for a light shining through the transom above the door. And for the first time he asked himself why Imberline would have made an appointment for that hour, at his home instead of at his office.

To the Saint, direct action was always better than dim speculation. He rang the bell.

The butler said: "No, suh. Mr. Imberline is out of town."

"Not to me," said the Saint cheerfully. "I've got an appointment with him. The name is Gray."

"Ah'm sorry, suh, but Mr. Imberline isn't here. He's been out of town all week. We don't expect him back till Saturday or Sunday, suh."

THE Saint said things silently to himself with a searing minuteness of detail which would almost certainly have been a cue for mayhem if it had been done by anybody else.

There was still no other cab in sight.

He turned south on Twenty-third Street, and he had reached the intersection of Q Street before he began to wonder where he was going or what good it was likely to do. He paused uncertainly on the corner, looking toward Rock Creek Park. A dozen alternatives chased through his mind, and so many of them must be wrong and so few of them offered anything to pin much to.

And then he saw her coming from the direction of the park, walking with her young steady stride, and everything he had imagined seemed foolish again. For five or six seconds.

A car came crawling up from behind her, passed her, stopped, and backed up into an alley that branched diagonally off from the north side of the street. He had instinctively stood still and merged himself into the shadow of a tree when he saw her, so the two men who came out of the alley a moment later must have thought that the block was deserted except for themselves and the girl. They closed in on her, one on each side, very professionally, and he was too far away to hear whatever they said, but he saw them turn her into the alley as he started running soundlessly toward them.

He came up on them in such a swift catlike silence that it must have seemed to all of them as if a shadow materialized before their eyes.

(*Continued on page 39*)

LIFE WILL FIND YOU

He had his future figured out—and he was on his way, too. Then something happened . . and all because of a girl who saw things with disturbing clarity

BY SHIRLEY WARDE

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

TIM looked at the open bankbook in his hand for a long time. There it was, marked down in black and white. Twelve hundred dollars! With care he could live a year on that, pay part of his tuition at Stagecraft and piece out the rest by some sort of job on the side. No trouble getting one—with men everywhere going into the service. His lips set tightly. Why, sure—a young fellow like himself?—he could have his pick of jobs.

He put the little book into a drawer of his desk. The key snapped sharply in the lock with a ring of finality. It was the first time in his life that Tim had known where he was going.

That evening he met Julie. The minute he saw her he was sure it was luck that had brought him to that particular Hollywood boardinghouse. She was little and bright and had a unique elfin kind of beauty that made Tim prophesy she'd be a knockout in pictures if she could once get a lucky break.

"Honest, I mean it," he told her, later. "And your name is swell, too. Julie Chapelle. Where did you dig that one up?"

His bluntness brought a smile, but it was tolerant. "I'm an oddity," she said. "I use my own name."

"Why not—if you've got one like that? What is it, French?"

"Yes. But we're Americans—for three generations. I have relatives there, though," she added, and her dark eyes grew thoughtful and troubled. "We haven't heard from them in a long while. They were in Paris."

Tim skirted that. "Listen—you ought to capitalize on that name. Don't you know this town is falling for anything that comes out of France? Why, you can be in pictures tomorrow—I mean really in. Just hire yourself a top press agent, get on some plane coming in from the East, and arrive in Hollywood as a refugee French star. One look at you and they'll sign you on the spot."

Julie was amused. Such things had been done, she admitted. "But I couldn't. I'm afraid I don't like pretending. I'd rather face things as they are."

"But this is show business," Tim protested. "A little more or less make-believe can't hurt anybody."

"Somehow, it isn't very easy to make believe these days," she said soberly. "I don't like doing it any more than I have to."

But Tim didn't want to talk about the war. He avoided the subject whenever he could. Now he began telling her about Stagecraft and all he was going to do there. "All my life I've wanted the theater—even as a kid. Since then I've practically lived in top galleries, read everything I could get hold of. I did a few walk-ons in New York—crowd stuff. But there's no chance unless you've had experience somewhere. That's why I'm going to Stagecraft. Just enrolled yesterday. Every one said it was about the best there is and you learn every branch of the theater. I want to act first. Later maybe I'll write. And eventually I'd like to produce."

Julie had been listening with interest but with a question in her eyes. "But how can you do this? I mean, won't they have you in the army any day now?"

Tim's face hardened. "They didn't want me," he said shortly. "Got called up in the first draft, and turned down for a bum arm—among other things. It's been good enough to do plenty of hard work all these years, but it's not good enough to pull a trigger on a few Japs."

"I'm sorry," Julie said sympathetically. "I've never noticed anything."

"Oh, you wouldn't—unless I had my shirt off. It'll never make any difference in the theater. And it's perfectly all right. A little smaller than my left, maybe—the upper arm—and not too straight. But I made it strong. By sheer will power I made this arm. Today it's as good as anybody's. But try and convince those army medicos of anything. They didn't even like my heart, and I'm as healthy as they come."

"I know how you must feel," Julie said gently. "Everybody wants to do his part in this."

Tim tossed it off. "Maybe I'm lucky, at that. Oh, I boiled up after Pearl Harbor—and, believe me, I cursed those Japs for their bad timing. I was just about ready to take a fling at the theater then. Took me years before I could save enough money. But what the heck—I figured war was about the biggest drama there was, on the biggest stage. But—well, who wants to take a chance on getting killed if he doesn't have to?"

"They may call you later, don't you think—for noncombatant duty?"

"Let them," he said. "Right now I'm going to think of Timothy Scott. It's the first time in my life I've really had a break."

"But theater—" Julie began; then she asked abruptly, "What did you do back East, Tim?"

"Worked in an aircraft factory," he told her curtly. "Three years of it. And not easy, either—had to teach myself a lot of mathematics and stuff like that. I didn't get much of it in school—left home when I was fourteen. That is, both my parents died

Julie had a break, a real break. A director had seen her and tested her for a good part in his new picture.

FLOHERTY
JR

then. But I plugged up through the departments till I was making pretty good money. That's how I saved enough to come out here."

Julie was frankly puzzled and a little amazed. "But why aren't you doing it?" she asked bluntly. "Making planes? You know how they need men in aircraft. And it's good money."

"I have enough money. Enough for this. I've got to build a future for myself," Tim said, and his chin set firmly. "I don't want to make planes all my life."

"But after this is over—"

"I'm twenty-four," he broke in. "By that time it'll be too late. I want to marry some day. I want kids. I want to know what a real home is like before I die." There was bitterness and hot resentment in his voice. "I can't ever do it unless I get established in something I like—where I know I can be a real success. I tried to serve, didn't I? All right; they didn't want me. Now I have a right to plan things for myself."

Julie wasn't looking at him. She was staring at the waving top of a tall palm tree silhouetted against the night sky. "How can any one plan? There may not *be* any theater when this is over. Then where will you be?"

"At least I'll have had something, anyway," he said with a short laugh. "But don't worry. There'll be a theater. We'll probably have good times. We did after the last one."

She turned then and looked at him for a long moment, and Tim didn't like what he was getting from her eyes. "We may not have anything at all," she said, "if every one of us doesn't do all he can." She swung on her heel and walked into the house.

TIM ground out his cigarette in the sand of the path and went down the street. What did she know about it, anyway? What did she know about him and all he'd been through?

Ten years of hard work—plenty hard. Fourteen had been pretty young to walk out into an unfriendly world. Walk? Heck, he'd been pushed! Well, almost. The alternative had been convention-soaked relatives who had called him a "problem child." Just because he didn't like rules.

He wondered what Julie would say if he told her he hadn't even been sorry when his parents died—killed, both of them, because his father hadn't been able to see a stone wall right in front of him one night. But why pretend? They'd been no good, either of them—weak, selfish, too busy being gay even to try to understand their children—Tim least of all. And then, to leave no money! It was rotten to bring kids up in luxury and then strand them with nothing—not even decent memories. There'd been just enough to give Tony and Barbara Ann an education if Tim gave up his share. That was why he'd hit off on his own. And all of it was why he was going to have a real home some day—and be a real parent in it. But how could Julie understand that?

Thinking back over those ten years wasn't pleasant—the interludes at sea, learning far too much too young; work on docks, in dives; going hungry; nights on park benches; waiting on table in cheap restaurants— There'd never been anything solid at all until that job in the aircraft factory. And every minute of it plodding on toward a goal—the theater! And Julie Chapelle thought he ought to go on making airplanes! Well, he didn't intend to. He was free now. Tony was in the Air Corps—oh, sure they'd wanted *him;* he had two good arms. Barbara Ann was entering college. Tim had that twelve hundred dollars. He was free! And he was going to stay free!

The next evening Arch Lenke greeted him as he came in the door: "Hey, Tim—want to go to a picture tonight? The gang are all for it—Hal and Nora and Julie—"

Tim looked at Julie. He didn't know what to expect. But as she met his eyes she was smiling and pleasant. "Sure," he said eagerly. "You bet. That'll be swell." Maybe she'd decided he wasn't so wrong after all, he thought hopefully.

After the show she stayed out in the patio with him when the others went in. All evening, sitting next to her in the dark of the movie theater, he'd been wondering if maybe Julie wasn't one of the reasons he'd come to California. Perhaps there was fate in these things.

Now he tried to tell her some of what lay behind him—his childhood, the struggle— Somehow he felt he wanted to make her understand.

"It's all right, Tim," she said at last. "If theater is what you want most—you take it. And if it's been hard—well, shouldn't you be glad? You couldn't be an actor at all if you didn't know people and understand how they feel—"

"I know all about them," Tim said—"all kinds."

"Only some day," she went on, bridging his words—"well, I don't think you can ever hide so well from life that it won't catch up with you in the end."

Tim frowned. "What do you mean by that?"

But she only smiled and tossed him a good night over her shoulder.

FROM the start, Tim had loved it at Stagecraft. It was all theater, talk, thought, feeling. He lived in a world removed from reality, and more and more he shut himself within it. He got a job at a gas station three evenings a week, but in spare time he hung around with his fellow students, going to pictures, sometimes a play, or just sitting before somebody's fireplace talking shop. There was only one thing he never told any of them—that he had been in aircraft. After the experience with Julie that was one thing he was keeping to himself.

He didn't see much of her these days. She was getting some bits in pictures now and went to bed early.

But one night she was there at the boardinghouse when he got home, and she was very gay, her dark eyes shining, laughter on her lips. But she wouldn't give any one a reason except that she was very happy. After dinner she let Tim take her for a drive in a car he'd borrowed.

"We really shouldn't," she said, hesitating, "with tires what they are. But these are good ones, and tonight's a night of nights for me. I've got to get out to big spaces or it will all blow up inside me."

Tim couldn't find out what it was all about till they were on the beach road, dimmed out by army orders. And when she did tell him, it was simply a calm recital of facts, as if now, weighed against mightier things, it had been dwarfed to unimportance.

She had a break, a real break. A director had seen her on the set, liked her type, tested her for a very good part in his new picture, and she was signed. But the best of it, she told Tim, was that it would run maybe three weeks and she'd come out of it with enough money to do something she'd been planning for a long time. What it was she wouldn't say.

Tim was the one who was excited. It proved to him that such things did happen. But getting a break was one thing, he pointed out—making the most of it quite another and by far the more difficult. "Be smart," he urged. "See you get lots of publicity. Go places, be seen, make them talk. Put every cent you get into your build-up and you'll cinch your future."

JULIE listened as he went on enthusiastically working out the campaign she should pursue. But when he finally paused for breath she merely said: "You're probably right, Tim. That's the way to go places—if they're where you want to go."

Tim looked at her quickly. "Well, aren't they?"

"Oh, I want to go places," she said. "And I will. I have it all planned." And then she didn't want to talk about it any more.

Tim eagerly followed her reports on the picture when she started work. The director was pleased. The higher-ups were asking who she was after the rushes. Tim saw all his prophecies coming true. Julie was going to be a star. But one day he'd be following her on that glorious path of good breaks, and then he too—

It looked as if a break might be coming his way when he was cast for the juvenile lead in a new play to be tried out at Stagecraft. The play had the promise of a potential hit, and it was certain the picture scouts and the bigwigs of Hollywood would all be there. Besides, Tim might have a chance at the Broadway production.

No one knew how he'd gotten the part his first year at the school. But young men were scarce and he was the best type for the blond Frenchman he was supposed to be. There was something in his face, too, that made the head director want him. "There's struggle there," he said. "Things boiling underneath. He covers up, but you feel it's going to erupt some day and tear the boy to pieces. That's worth more to the play than polished technique. I'll make him act, if I have to teach him every twitch of an eyebrow."

When he first told Julie he was to play a Frenchman in occupied France, she looked at him for a long, searching moment. "I hope you can, Tim," she said, and her voice was sober, a little sad. "I hope you can know what's inside a Frenchman in occupied France."

"Why not?" he challenged. "You can imagine anything, can't you? It's a swell part, Julie."

That was the night he kissed her. She was such a small and lovely Julie. For the first time in his life, Tim almost proposed. Not definitely, but he did a lot of hinting at things that some day "might" be.

Julie wouldn't commit herself, though, when he sounded her out about his chances. "How can I tell, Tim?" she said. "So much is in the balance. And there's so much work to be done first."

He thought she meant work for him. "Oh, sure—I'm no actor yet. But wait and see. You won't be the only star."

She kissed him lightly then—just a brush of warm lips across his cheek, which he didn't understand because it seemed remote and sad and somehow like farewell. "Up early," she said. "Have to go to bed. Sweet dreams."

A WEEK later she was gone. No one knew where. No trace, no hint. The day she'd finished her picture she'd come in late in the afternoon, they told him, packed her things, taken her trunk on a taxi, and disappeared down the street. Tim was frantic. Just to walk out like that!

"Why not?" asked Arch Lenke, with a smile Tim didn't like. "She's on the way up. Cutting old ties. Watch Louella's column—she'll have it: '—an interesting new twosome. . . . Julie Chapelle, Hollywood's newest rising star, and a certain gentleman of influence we all—' "

Tim didn't wait to hear more. He slammed out of the house and down the street, and for the next five hours he walked without purpose until finally his feet brought him home and exhausted sleep blotted her from his mind.

The next day he phoned everywhere—the studio, her agent, her friends. The agent was wild. He had a fine new part for her. "And she tells me she's going away for a few months and everything will have to wait. What do you make of a dame like that?"

Tim didn't know what to make of it. And thinking didn't help. So he plunged back into work. Rehearsals of the play were beginning in earnest now. Stagecraft was sparing no effort to make it a top production and every studio in town was sending to get seats.

Tim began to get frightened. He wished desperately for Julie. Even if she didn't approve of what he was doing, she'd have helped and encouraged him, realizing how much it meant to him.

But there was no Julie, and Tim lived in a world that was only a succession of chills, expectation or terror, and nightmarish dreams of planes and bombings, an opening night where he couldn't find his trousers, and the ever-recurrent figure of Julie, always running away from him, to disappear over the brow of a hill he could never seem to climb.

At last the curtain was raised on the dress rehearsal. When Tim made his first entrance he thought his knees would buckle under him. But by the time the first act was well under way he was able to look out over the footlights with perfect calmness and make out the faces of the few people scattered in the audience. It was then he saw Julie—way in the back of the house, huddled down in her seat as if to hide from him.

The curtain had barely touched the ground cloth before he was through the small door at the side of the stage and striding up the aisle to reach her.

"You've had me crazy!" he said. "Where have you been?" He clutched at her arm. "Come on outside. We've got to talk. Why did you run away like that?"

In the entrance court he found a quiet corner, and there he faced her. "All right, I've been asking questions. How about answers? And by the way, how did you get here tonight? Why didn't you let me know?"

She laughed. "I'll answer the last first. I didn't have time to let you know. I couldn't come tomorrow night, Tim—not possibly. And I wanted to see you. So my agent arranged it for me. At the last minute."

"Oh, you finally let him know you're alive."

She ignored his sarcasm. "Yes, I told him where I am."

"And where is that?"

"It's why I didn't tell you, Tim. You'd never have seen it my way. I'm going to school."

Tim frowned. "You're what?"

"I never had enough money before. That's why I was so happy when I got that part. Because I wanted to learn it all thoroughly—welding, riveting, precision instruments, everything a woman can do."

"What are you talking about?"

"It's an aircraft school, Tim," she said. "I'm learning to make airplanes. I have an important examination tomorrow night—that's why I couldn't be here."

Tim stared at her. "Why, you crazy kid, you had the break of a lifetime! And that's necessary, too—entertainment. It's part of keeping up morale."

"There are plenty to do that, Tim—people who've already given their lives to it. I don't mean a thing to the public yet. Right now I think I can be more useful doing things with my hands."

Tim stiffened, his face hard. "What are you trying to do? Make me feel like a heel?" he demanded. "Well, I don't. They had their chance at me. Now I belong to myself."

JULIE'S hand was on his arm, tight and warm. "Oh, no, Tim. It has nothing to do with you. I can't say what's right for you. I only know what's right for myself."

"That's sense," he said bitterly. "Let every fool have his own poison. Only yours may prove gall when you find out *only* a fool would give up so much to be so unnecessarily noble."

Anger blazed in her eyes, but just then some one tapped Tim on the shoulder. "Second act, Tim--step on it."

He half turned, then wheeled back to her. "I didn't mean that, Julie. It's only—oh, well, I can't explain in a minute. Will you—are you going to stay through the play?"

"Of course," she said steadily. "I wouldn't miss seeing what you do to the Nazis—or they to you."

Once during the second act he looked out front, and noticed that Julie had moved to a seat on the aisle about seven rows from the front. He didn't look out again.

The act rolled toward the climax. Tim, as a young Frenchman feeling helpless in the hands of the Nazi conquerors and passively submitting to every injustice, finds that his rebel mother has secretly been aiding the underground patriots. In panic he pleads with her to escape before he and her friends are involved in her foolhardy defiance.

But the Gestapo men are already at the door. Terror-stricken, the boy watches his mother resolutely cross the room and open the door to her enemies.

Then the big scene—the mother's calm admission and her triumphant prophecy of doom to the oppressors. Goaded to fury by her fearlessness, the Gestapo chief smashes his fist into her face. It was so well done that those in the audience gasped, almost expecting to see blood spurt from the pale face before the woman dropped forward across the table.

It was as that fist smashed forward that Julie screamed. Tim knew it was she, and as in a dream he was conscious that she was running up the aisle, people staring after her. Yet the scream kept echoing in his ears and multiplying until it seemed a thousand voices crying out in horror.

Before his eyes was the Gestapo chief, swastika on the sleeveband. Suddenly Tim hurled an intervening chair across the stage and sprang upon the man, hands reaching for that stocky throat.

THE surprised actor struggled for his balance, trying to brush Tim off. Then a cry of pain broke from him as Tim's fingers dug into his jugular. Those playing his aides looked at each other in alarm. This wasn't as they'd rehearsed the scene. After all, acting was acting, but this was altogether too real. They sprang forward, six of them, and it took strength to break Tim's hold.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" one of them hissed in his ear. "Are you nuts?" They made it look good. They hurled him back, and the rear wall of the set shook as he staggered against it. With true performer's instinct, the half-strangled actor knew the play must go on. With a most believable explosion of rage, he leveled his gun and fired the blank at Tim.

The whirling in Tim's head had stopped. Staring at the Nazi chief, he saw now only Cy Barrows, a fellow student who had been his friend for months. As the explosion sounded, he stiffened as if shot and did the realistic fall he'd been rehearsing for so long.

He lay there as the final lines of the act brought the curtain down. He'd made a fool of himself all right, but he'd get out of it. He stood up, brushed himself off, and found Cy Barrows outside the door of the set, hand massaging his throat, his face still a mixture of amazement and anger.

"Didn't hurt you, did I, Cy?" Tim asked lightly. "Afraid I might have put too much into it. But it helps the scene, don't you think?"

The head director had come up behind them, eying Tim with a curious speculative gaze.

"That was swell, Tim—that new piece of business," he said smoothly. "When did you think of it?"

"Oh, this afternoon," Tim told him casually. "Meant to speak to you about it, but there wasn't time. Figured we needed something there to take them right out of their seats."

"It did that, all right," the director admitted dryly.

"Didn't mind my trying it, did you?"

"No; it's good. Keep it in." Then, with a smile, "Only don't overact. We wouldn't want to lose Cy. He's one of our best students."

The cast laughed. Cy relaxed and grinned. "If he gets rough again," he said, "the one you're likely to lose will be your juvenile." And then everybody moved off toward the dressing rooms.

The director stood looking after Tim, his assistant at his side. "I told you that boy would erupt some day," he said, half to himself. "Wish I knew what was behind it."

Killed off in the play, Tim was through. He went out front, but Julie was gone. Some one told him she'd hailed a taxi.

Tim went back into the theater and watched the third act. The author found him there in the last row. "Listen, kid. You're going to play the part in New York or I don't sell. You were swell. Don't make any other plans."

Tim couldn't help feeling excited, even though half his mind was still with Julie. "Thanks, Arnold," he said gratefully. "Glad you like it. But I'll believe they'll take me when I see it in writing."

The author chuckled. "You learn fast. But I'll get it for you in writing—after tomorrow night."

The play was finished. The lights went up. Tim saw a tall man coming up the aisle. "Ted Linden," the author told him. "Best agent in town. Trust him to get the jump on the rest of the boys."

Linden stopped beside Tim. "I think you've got a future, young man," he said. "I'll gamble on you. Come see me in the morning and we'll talk contract."

Tim was flattered. "Sounds great, Mr. Linden," he said, "but I'm not making any decisions for a couple of days. If you'd put it in writing, though, I could always prove your offer came first." Some one called him then, and he went backstage.

The opening drew a big crowd, and even the critics liked Tim. He wondered if Julie would read the notices.

IT was two weeks before he found out. One late afternoon he was at the gate of the aircraft school where she was taking her course, persuasion having finally wormed the information out of her agent. Standing there, he watched the planes circling up from a near-by army training field, climbing, banking, diving—the hornets that were to sting the Axis out of the Pacific and out of Russia, out of Australia and Africa; in each one of those ships some young American ready to do it—or die. He envied every one of those fellows up there. But you couldn't fly a plane with a bum arm. Anyway, they thought you couldn't.

From inside the school he could hear the familiar sounds he knew so well, the riveting guns rat-tatting on steel, the wham of the presses, the roar of engines. Somewhere in there Julie was handling one of those machines.

He saw her coming long before she saw him. Her clothes were plain, her hands were grimed, but Tim never expected to look at anything lovelier.

His voice stopped her. She turned in surprise, and then just stared at him. "Tim!" Her eyes took in his workman's hands, the soiled greasy coveralls. "What are you—" She stopped, completely baffled. "Tim—I don't understand."

He hooked an arm in hers. "I know it's no way to call on a lady," he said happily, "but I just got off work. I make planes for a living these days, you know."

She stopped short and faced him. "But the play—you made a hit. Tim, you didn't walk out on them?"

He laughed. "You're still a trouper, aren't you, grease-monkey? No; I took a job the day of the opening, but I played till Walter Morris got up in the part. They were all swell about it."

He watched her eyes swim in quick tears. "Oh, Tim—just when you had everything you wanted! Just when—"

He didn't let her finish. "Listen. Why didn't you tell me things?" he demanded. "Make me see before?"

"Things have to come from inside people—if they're there. Words are no good. And—oh, Tim, I've always been pretty sure it was there in you—somewhere. I knew I couldn't have liked you so much if it hadn't been."

HE piloted her toward the little restaurant that was full of students and workers. When they were seated, he took some folded papers from his pocket and dropped them on the table. "Put these in your scrapbook. Our grandchildren might like to see them some day—two offers for tests, one for a stock studio contract, one to play the part in New York, and three bids from agents. I made them all put it in writing."

Her laughter sang with happiness. A plane zoomed low over them. Tim looked up, seeing it in his mind as the sound went roaring into the distance. "I don't know what's coming after this, Julie," he said soberly. "But I know you were right about what's got to be done now if *anything's* to come after." He leaned toward her across the table. "And don't you think we ought to put all we can into that 'now'? Every bit of energy and love and happiness we can get hold of—and let the future take care of itself?"

Julie, looking at him, thought that at last Tim made a lot of sense. After all, when two people are going in the same direction . . .

If her public could have seen her then, they'd never have recognized Julie Chapelle, "the little girl who was so good in that first picture she made." But any one who saw the dirty-faced little aircraft worker sitting with a young man in coveralls would have recognized the fact that she was very happy.

THE END

Fritz Duquesne, one Nazi spy ring's head, is arraigned in Federal Court. He's the sour-looking man standing with hands together in front of him.

SABOTAGE IN THE U.S.A.

THE STORY BEHIND THE NEWS

Continuing an account, till now untold, of all that led to the F. B. I.'s spy round-ups and the capture of those eight U-boat-landed saboteurs!

BY ALAN HYND

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

EVERYBODY knows that eight Nazi saboteurs from U-boats were caught and six electrocuted, and that many a Nazi spy has been rounded up. But what you haven't known is how all this was brought about. That absorbing—and precautionary!—information, obtained from official sources, is now given to the American people in this series in Liberty.

Last week Mr. Hynd told how, in 1940, the Gestapo sent William Sebold, naturalized American, to New York to work in a spy ring, and how he ostensibly did so but actually worked with the F. B. I. against a ring headed by Fritz Duquesne and another that Ulrich von der Osten headed until a taxi killed him.

F. B. I. special agents learned from employees of the Hotel Taft that von der Osten had never been observed without a bulging light brown briefcase. Inasmuch as there was no such briefcase among the Hitler spy's effects, the supposition was that he might have been carrying it when he was struck by the cab.

Police records disclosed that von der Osten had been accompanied by another man when he was struck. As the cab had squealed to a stop after hitting him, a light brown briefcase that he had been carrying had been quickly picked up by his companion—an individual aged perhaps forty with a ferretlike face. After retrieving the briefcase, which had seemed to interest him more than the fate of von der Osten, the second man had lost himself in the gathering crowd before the police arrived.

Forty-eight hours after the accident, British censorship in Bermuda pondered the contents of a letter that had been written in invisible ink. It had been sent via Clipper from New York, addressed to the same Nazi mail drop in Lisbon that had been used by von der Osten. Invisible handwriting in English, on the back of a harmless-looking typewritten message full of trivia, reported the fatal injury of von der Osten and added: "I have his briefcase and am taking over." The message was unsigned. The name of Joseph Kessler appeared on the envelope as the sender's, and the return address was in Queens, one of Greater New York's five boroughs.

When the letter was dispatched by plane to F. B. I. Headquarters in Washington, the name and address of the sender were found to be fictitious. The fact that a Nazi spy had chosen a Jewish name as a cover was indica-

Spy ring members being marched to court from prison. The two in front are Herman Lang and, in center, Everett M. Roeder. Beside them, at right, is a United States marshal.

tive of the cunning of this new man who had taken over.

There was one other feature of the Kessler letter that was carefully noted by the F. B. I. The harmless part of the letter had been written on a typewriter that was not the one used by von der Osten. This might seem like a small point, but later on you will see how important it was.

Von der Osten had died without regaining consciousness in St. Vincent's Hospital, in Manhattan, the day after the accident, and his body was still unclaimed. G-men were hanging around to see what would happen. They waited four days before they got a rumble. This was in the form of a telephone call, traced to the Spanish Consulate, inquiring whether the body of Mr. Julio Lopez (von der Osten's alias) was in the hospital. When the caller was informed that it was, he began arrangements for burial in Mount Olivet Cemetery in Queens.

G-men covered the burial, but they found no one present to interest them save the official—a minor one—of the Spanish Consulate, the man who had made the arrangements. Not that this man wasn't interesting in himself. He had for some time been under F. B. I. surveillance because of an apparently close link with the German Consulate in New York. All of which added up. Through State Department intelligence from Europe, J. Edgar Hoover had learned that von der Osten had done some outstanding skulduggery for Hitler's Spanish pal, General Franco. Which in turn tied in with the fact that von der Osten had come to the United States, via Hawaii and the Argentine, traveling on a Spanish passport.

The less said about the Pearl Harbor data found in the hotel room, the better. It should be recorded, though, that the same J. Edgar Hoover who was sniped at in Washington after the Japanese attack talked himself blue in the face, more than eight months *before* the attack, trying in vain to warn certain brass hats with tin ears and shiny pants seats of the danger in Hawaii.

A FEW hours after the burial of von der Osten, G-men watching the Spanish Consulate on Madison Avenue noticed a little fortyish man coming out with a light brown briefcase under his arm. His pointed nose gave him a ferretlike appearance, and the watchers pegged him as the man who called himself Joseph Kessler.

He was trailed to the German Consulate in the Whitehall Building in downtown Manhattan. Apparently he was a welcome figure there, for he was inside for more than an hour. When he came out he led his shadows to a roominghouse in the 6400 block on Fresh Pond Road. There the G-men quickly learned that his real name was Kurt Frederick Ludwig, a longtime participant in German-American Bund activities.

The next day, Ludwig was followed as he drove from his roominghouse to a private dwelling in Maspeth, Long Island. He had the brown briefcase with him again. G-men were able to observe through powerful binoculars certain goings on within the house. They saw Ludwig sitting at a table in the dining room, with papers from the briefcase spread out before him, and with him they saw a rather good-looking blonde of not more than twenty. She too was going over papers from the briefcase, and at times he seemed to be dictating to her.

The method by which the F. B. I. finds things out so quickly cannot be disclosed here. It is perhaps sufficient to say that even before Ludwig came out of the house in Maspeth that day the G-men knew who the girl was and knew more than a little of her background.

Her name was Lucy Boehmler. She was the daughter of naturalized Germans who did not subscribe to Nazi views. She herself, however, had become imbued with Nazism some two years previously and had participated in so-called German-American youth movements directed in Brooklyn by this same Kurt Ludwig who was in

Below: Werner von Clemm, socialite gem importer, kin by marriage to von Ribbentrop.

there dictating to her now. Only a few months previously the girl had completed a course in stenography and typewriting at a Manhattan business school. Since then she had been working at a job the nature of which was never quite clear to her friends, but which seemed to be keeping her more or less flush with money.

G-men arranged to retrieve trash left outside the Boehmler home. They obtained pieces of a sheet of paper on which Lucy had typed a familiar quotation, obviously when trying out a new ribbon on her typewriter. It was thus established that the red-herring part of the Joseph Kessler letter intercepted in Bermuda had been written on the Boehmler girl's machine.

Lucy herself now became an object of surveillance. She was tailed into New York, where she proceeded to a newsstand in Times Square where papers from all over the country are sold. She bought copies of about a score of papers published in cities ranging from Portland, Maine, to Miami, and from Boston to Seattle. After she left, G-men bought duplicate copies of the same papers.

That night, through binoculars, the watchers saw Lucy carefully clipping pieces from her copies. Next morning those copies, minus the clippings, showed up in the trash retrieved from the Boehmler home. Their own copies showed the investigators that what she had clipped were items or columns that gave news of soldiers visiting their homes on furlough, local boys being drafted, or the doings at army camps near by.

Such information was not, of course, carried by the Associated Press and other wire services, since it was strictly of local interest. J. Edgar Hoover was quick to realize that if enough of it was gathered, correlated, and analyzed, it might amount to a tip-off as to the strength of Uncle Sam's army—and appropriate steps were taken.

Ludwig called again at Lucy's home and stayed for only a few minutes. G-men had the hunch that he stopped only to get the clippings. He was tailed this time into Manhattan and to a roominghouse on Isham Street, near the George Washington Bridge. There he called on a roomer named Dr. Paul Borchardt, a man of mystery to his landlady.

Once more the F. B. I. machinery meshed into high gear. Even as Ludwig was talking to Dr. Borchardt, Hoover was able, through a cross-index system at F. B. I. Headquarters in Washington, to put his finger on arresting data on this Borchardt. The man had been a major in the German army in the last war. Bald-headed and in his late forties, he had shown up in this country recently and made an attempt to get into, of all things, the United States Army Intelligence.

In his Intelligence application he admitted that he had, until a short while before applying, been on rather close terms with Adolf Hitler. He stated, however, that he had done something to displease Hitler and had been placed in a German internment camp, from which he had escaped. His idea in trying to get into Army Intelligence, he explained, was that he could divulge valuable secrets about what was going on in the Third Reich.

BORCHARDT'S application had at no time received serious consideration, but the army had been just curious enough to do a little investigating on its own. It had learned through European grapevine channels that Borchardt had been in an internment camp all right, and that he had escaped, too. But the suspicion was that the whole Borchardt affair had been a carefully prepared phony package for American consumption just so the doctor could come here with a plausible background and motive when he tried to get into the Army Intelligence.

The doctor—or the professor, as he was sometimes called because he had once taught in German military academies—had done a fade-out after his rejection by Army Intelligence, and J. Edgar Hoover, for one, was glad that he had been located again. With Borchardt in the spy picture, the G-men knew that they had to be more on their toes than ever. For inside the doctor's bald dome was one of the keenest analytical brains in the whole Reich. He was nothing less than a whiz at deductive and inductive thinking. He could, the F. B. I. dossier revealed, take any given fact and break it up into its component parts in a twinkling; and he could take seemingly unrelated details, correlate them, and come up with whatever they signified. It was clear, then, that this Dr. Borchardt was a man who could use Lucy Boehmler's newspaper clippings as a basic ingredient for a potent espionage brew.

He and Ludwig were obviously the key figures of the second ring, and the F. B. I. suspected that their connections were extensive. As with the Duquesne investigation, the probe would of necessity be long, tedious, and fraught with peril until everybody was in the sights.

Ludwig, shadowing disclosed, always dropped his mail at the main New York Post Office at Eighth Avenue and Thirty-second Street. He was obviously acquainted with Clipper schedules, for he made it a point to get to the post office just in time to catch the closing for the next Clipper out for Lisbon, via Bermuda. F. B. I. men were able to have his mail singled out before it ever left New York, so that it would be spotted immediately upon its arrival in Bermuda. The belief in some quarters that the F. B. I. is permitted to open the mail of a suspect is erroneous, and the Hoover agents are instructed to bend backward to be ethical at all times, even when a short cut would save weeks of investigation. That's why you never hear of an F. B. I. agent being discredited in a courtroom.

Within a fortnight after Ludwig had first come under surveillance, the censors had dipped a stack of his invisibly written letters into reagent baths. Whoever the "leg men" of his spy ring were, they certainly knew how to get information. Details of the sailings of Norwegian, French, Dutch, and British supply ships from New York and Brooklyn were all carefully recorded. Production figures from inside aircraft

r. Paul Borchardt, analyst.

Evelyn C. Lewis, accomplice.

René Mezenen, Nazi steward.

Lucy Boehmler, Ludwig aide.

Here are six of the G-men's camera shots of Fritz Duquesne, who thought himself so foxy, divulging Nazi espionage arrangements to William Sebold in Sebold's fake violin studio.

plants were down to the last nut and bolt. Ludwig was using feminine names to identify materiel establishments. Grumman, the fighter plane manufacturer, was Grace in the invisible-writing messages; Bessie stood for Brewster Aircraft; Sarah meant Sperry Gyroscope Company.

Not only did Ludwig's messages show that he was in contact with key figures in airplane and arms factories and with individuals who had ways of obtaining advance data on shipping, but now he was pleased to report that he had succeeded in planting a man in the United States Army Hospital at Governor's Island in New York Bay. Information from such a source as that would be "duck soup" for Dr. Borchardt, the analyst. The names of patients in such an important military hospital, the natures of their ailments, and their army posts would be just about all a man like the doctor would need to do some pretty accurate guessing at total army strength.

INTELLIGENCE coming into Washington from abroad had it that the sabotage academy in Berlin was expanding. It would need more students from the United States—young Germans who had been naturalized and had been in this country long enough to talk the language well and become acquainted with the customs. It was in this way that the F. B. I. learned that one George John Dasch, a tall, hook-nosed individual in his late thirties, who had worked as a waiter all over this country, was now repatriated and enrolled in that academy. Dasch was known to be a friend of both Edward John Kerling, the one-time butler, and Hermann Neubauer, the ex-cook in the Chicago hotel, who had pulled up stakes here and gone to the Berlin sabotage school.

Thus, more than a year before the landings of the eight Nazi saboteurs on shores of Long Island and Florida, J. Edgar Hoover knew about three of them.

The underground war on the Duquesne front was something of a stalemate. William Sebold was still succeeding in intercepting vital information that Duquesne was digging up for transmission to the Reich. But this wily Boer who hated England was still managing to slip away from his watchers every now and then, and it was becoming more and more apparent that what he dug up when he was out of sight was getting to Germany through other, unidentified channels.

Lilly Stein, the girl who called herself a model, had struck up quite a contact with one Edmund Carl Heine, a one-time executive of the Ford Motor Company who had managed Ford assembly plants in Germany and other countries and who still maintained close contact with key figures in Detroit automobile factories, then in process of conversion to war work. Because of his past association with Ford, Heine was given access to a number of Detroit plants. There, on tours of inspection, he came into possession of just the kind of production figures that Hitler wanted.

His figures were flowing in to William Sebold through Lilly Stein. It was Sebold's job to make microfilms of them and turn them over to such people as Wilhelm Siegler, the head butcher of the S.S. America. As for Herman Lang, the hard-faced foreman in the Norden bombsight plant who didn't seem to like William Sebold, it now developed that he had previously obtained a leave of absence from the plant and gone to Germany. While there, he had told Nazi engineers and designers everything he could remember about the details of the bombsight, but they hadn't made out very well on his information.

What Berlin wanted was some actual parts of the sight. Station AOR in Hamburg was getting very insistent about this, and Sebold now had a good excuse for a showdown with Lang. It developed that it was a question of money with the foreman from Norden's. He had purchased some securities that had dropped $3,000 in value, and he told Sebold that he would want the German government to guarantee any loss that he had to take by liquidating his holdings before going back to the Fatherland again.

"That should be easy," said Sebold. "Now, after your loss is made up, what about getting some pieces of the bombsight out so that we can send them over by fellows like Siegler?"

Lang laughed. "That's a cinch," he said. "I'm one of the most trusted men in the whole place—I could lug out the president's desk and nobody would question me."

"That's great," said Sebold. "But how much of the sight itself would it be possible for you to lay hands on?"

"Not all of it," replied Lang, "but enough pieces for them to reproduce the thing over there, if I'm there to add what I have in my head."

The G-men who were operating Sebold's radio put Lang's proposition up to Hamburg. In a couple of days the answer came back. "Promise Lang anything," said Hamburg. "All we want to do is to get him over here with the pieces of the bombsight, and we'll take care of him after we get a completed bombsight."

Grim as this business was, the G-men had to laugh. They knew how the Nazis intended to "take care" of Lang. He would wind up like everybody else who has outlived his value to Hitler.

Everett Roeder, the engineer and designer at the Sperry Gyroscope plant, where an important part of a bombsight was being made, was more unselfishly devoted to der Führer than Lang was. The only trouble was that Roeder couldn't seem to lay his hands on things as of yore. No sooner would he see a blueprint lying around and make plans to photograph it than that blueprint would mysteriously disappear. What Roeder didn't know was that government agents had been planted in the Sperry establishment to keep an eye on him.

DUQUESNE was living in a sumptuous apartment on West Seventy-fourth Street, near Central Park, with a young woman named Evelyn Clayton Lewis. Miss Lewis, who had been socially prominent in the Southwest, had fallen for the Boer somewhere, and so the two of them had begun to play house as Mr. and Mrs. James Dunn. They were inveterate letter writers, both of them. When it was suspected that the girl, who was pretty in a dark, brooding sort of way, was Duquesne's accomplice as well as his mistress, G-men began to follow her. One day they saw her post a letter rather furtively in a mail box on Central Park West. They got in touch with the postal authorities and the box was opened. A letter bearing the name of Mrs. James Dunn and her return address was addressed to the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, New York.

When the letter reached the Eastman offices, a G-man was waiting.

Duquesne's mistress, representing herself as an expert photographer—which she wasn't—wanted to know what progress the Eastman Company had made along the lines of antifog photography. That, of course, was in the nature of a government secret; but, just so the girl or Duquesne wouldn't get suspicious, a courteous reply, giving no information, was sent.

Fritz himself had in the meantime written a letter that will probably always remain a classic of audacity. It follows:

War Department,
Chemical Warfare Division
Washington, D. C.
Gentlemen:

We are interested in the possible financing of a chemical war device which may or may not be original. This we do not know. However, we would like to study the subject in order to get a little understanding on the subject before we commit ourselves.

We understand that the Government publishes a pamphlet on this subject to those interested in the subject. If this be true and if you have the authority will you please inform us how we might be able to procure a copy of the same.

If it has any bearing on the matter, we are citizens and would not allow anything of a confidential nature to get out of our hands.

Very truly yours,
F. J. Duquesne

WHEN that one came up in the investigative hopper, Fritz got a deceptively courteous reply from the War Department. He was told that, while his request could not be granted, the Department nevertheless had no fear that he was the type of man who would misuse confidential information!

Hardly a day passed but what some new facet of the Duquesne organization revealed itself. One day Franz Stigler, the chief baker on the S.S. America, and Siegler, the chief butcher, took Sebold over to Hoboken to meet somebody important. The somebody turned out to be a steward on a trans-Atlantic Clipper, René Mezenen by name. In a lavatory room in the Lackawanna Railroad Station, Mezenen reached into one of his socks and handed Sebold a microfilm. "The other side's in a hurry for this information," he told Sebold. "Get this to Duquesne as fast as you can."

Assistant Director P. E. Foxworth of the F. B. I. had the microfilm quickly enlarged in the New York field office. This is what he saw:

Tell all friends . . . that in the future technical questions do not interest us as much as military questions. These are as follows, and we wish every one would work very hard to get continual information.

a.—Exact strength of air forces, giving figures of flying crew and ground crew separately.

b.—Details regarding flying schools, location, amount of pupils, what special training, length of training, and kind of planes used for training.

c.—Of special interest are all kinds of instruction books, especially such as are not available in open trade.

d.—Of particular importance: If pilots are specially trained for England, where are they trained? How many, how and when are they expected to leave?

e.—Are they sent over via ships or via air and what routes do they take? It may be necessary to find friends in the Air Force itself who may be able to give you such information.

THE F. B. I. told Sebold to go ahead and give Duquesne an exact copy of the micro. Stuff like this was always turned over intact to Fritz, just to get a line on how much he knew.

By this time Sebold was making his headquarters in a fake violin studio in Room 629 in the Newsweek Building at 152 West Forty-second Street, on the pretext to Duquesne that such a place was a perfect cover. Duquesne thought the idea was great. He wouldn't have thought so much of the fact that the studio was wired for sound and that G-men in an adjoining room would hear everything that went on. Nor would he have taken to the idea of the lens of a motion-picture camera being concealed in one of the walls.

When Sebold showed him an enlargement of the microfilm that the Clipper steward had brought over, Fritz read the questions carefully. "Why," he said, "the damned fools! I told them two weeks ago that I was sending them this very information, or most of it."

"You didn't send it through me," said Sebold.

"Harry," said Duquesne (who always called Sebold by the alias the Gestapo had assigned to him), "never put all your eggs in one basket."

"You mean you have another radio that you have not told me about?"

"There *is* another radio in this town that's about to begin, just in case those monitor ————s should ever catch on to the one you have, but I'm not going to use it. And I don't trust everything to those couriers, either."

"You puzzle me, Fritz," said Sebold.

"I've got mail drops in South America and China," said Duquesne. "There's a Chinese in Shanghai by the name of Wang who runs a travel agency. I just send stuff over to him by Clipper, and he shoots it through to Germany by way of Russia. It's all very simple, Harry."

DUQUESNE'S remark about a second radio in New York was of great interest to J. Edgar Hoover. The F. B. I. Director had learned from the Federal Communications Commission that an outlaw set was apparently operating in the Bronx section of New York. The station, signing itself with the call letters REN, had been detected by FCC traveling monitors some time previously, but it had thereafter remained off the air, making it impossible for the monitors to close in on it.

Now that Duquesne had mentioned a second radio, Hoover assigned a handful of agents to a canvass of all establishments in New York selling material that could possibly be used in the construction of a short-wave radio set. Quicker than he had hoped for, the agents struck pay dirt at a shop on Cortlandt Street in downtown Manhattan. A salesman there recalled having sold some short-wave radio equipment to a man who had given the name of Joseph Klein and the address of a roominghouse on East 126th Street.

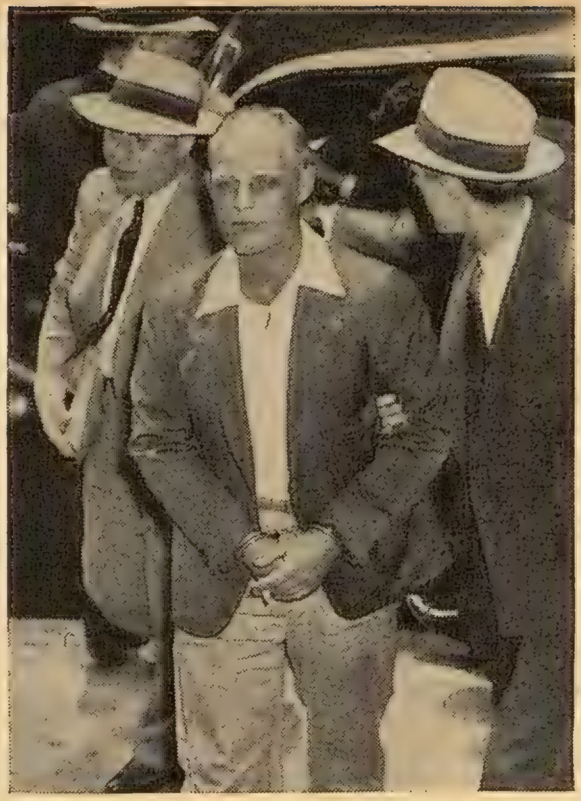
The salesman had become suspicious of Klein—but not until after the purchaser had left. He recalled now that this Klein had seemed a very furtive fellow, and the thought had occurred to him that just possibly the equipment that had been purchased would be used for illegal purposes. But he had become engrossed in the press of everyday business and had forgotten all about the matter until the G-men came along.

Up on East 126th Street they learned that Joseph Klein was a young man whose means of a livelihood was not apparent to the naked eye. He occupied a large room with two other men—a Mr. Frederick and a Mr. Hill.

Mr. Frederick was soon pegged as Felix Jahnke, a former German army officer, and Mr. Hill turned out to be Axel Wheeler-Hill, a young man behind whose light, weak, almost feminine features reposed rare cunning. Wheeler-Hill, a German by birth, had been shuttling back and forth between New York and Germany ever since Hitler had come to power. Lately he had faded from view. Now, as F. B. I. agents began to backtrack on this young man, they learned that he had been taking a course of radio instruction at a Y. M. C. A. on West Sixty-third Street.

It was while the two spy groups were going on their sinister independent ways, and while the sabotage academy in Berlin was eating up everything they were able to get through, that an ingenious Hun plan for financing the future work of all spies and saboteurs was coming into official focus in New York. In the light of subsequent events, it is reasonable to suppose that Hitler's Foreign Minister, von Ribbentrop, was the author of this plan. Not that the Third Reich wasn't able to lay cash on the barrelhead for whatever it wanted done—and, for that matter, some of the spies working for Hitler were known to consider an autographed photo of their Führer the most precious reward they could ask. Yet such items as dynamite cost money, and there were always transportation and living expenses, and incidentals such as bribes to treacherous workmen in defense plants.

And so Berlin came forward with a scheme by which the wherewithal for espionage and sabotage expenses would be taken right out of American pockets.



Axel Wheeler-Hill in custody, handcuffed.

ON the afternoon of the second Saturday in May, 1940, when the Germans swept into Antwerp, Belgium—the diamond-cutting center of the world—they were pleased to learn that dealers in precious stones were among those who were taken by surprise. The bulk of Antwerp's cut and uncut diamonds, valued well into the millions, still reposed in bank vaults, and the dealers couldn't get at them in time because the vaults couldn't be opened until the Monday morning, owing to time-locking devices.

You won't need to be told where certain high officials of the Nazi army of occupation were when those vaults were opened. But you're wrong if you think the invaders simply helped themselves to the diamonds. Instead, with typical Hun passion to appear respectable, they set up something they quaintly called the Diamond Control Office. In charge of this was a gentleman from Berlin who looked as if he didn't have a neck. His name was Ernest Cramer.

Cramer's first official act was to freeze all the diamonds and then call on the owners. He instructed them to communicate with their regular customers in the United States and offer the stones at big markdowns. He said that the Nazis wanted only a commission on the sales. Some of the dealers fell for the proposition, and when they contacted New York importers, Uncle Sam was tipped off. The rub was that there was then no law on the American statute books to prevent the diamonds from coming in. Duty on finished stones was only 10 per cent and rough diamonds were admitted free. Thus, if the haul from Antwerp—and from Rotterdam and Amsterdam, which had meanwhile been grabbed—started flowing through to New York at greatly cut rates, the American diamond market would be in a fair way to have the bottom knocked out of it.

F. D. R., who had been keeping himself informed about Herr Cramer's activities through consular attachés in Belgium and Holland, stepped in with his Low Countries freezing proclamation, which made it illegal for Dutch or Belgian dealers, whether acting on their own or under Nazi pressure, to sell any of the diamonds here at any price.

The Nazis were stumped—temporarily. Herr Cramer went to Berlin for a conference. There Treasury attachés of the American Embassy, which was still functioning, saw Cramer contact a man named Carl von Clemm, who was the European manager for a New York outfit called the Pioneer Import Corporation. This company was operated by Carl von Clemm's twin brother, Werner von Clemm, a socialite of Syosset, Long Island, who had come to this country eighteen years previously and become a citizen.

Two and two began to make four when Herr Cramer returned to the Low Countries and told diamond merchants that the Diamond Control Office would be glad to relieve them of their stones and pay for them. The catch was that payment was to be made in occupational currency, which is worth something less than cigar coupons.

Nevertheless, more than two million dollars' worth of the diamonds were "bought" by the Nazis and taken to Germany. People like Cramer who were known to be carrying the stones were trailed by American agents down into Italy, and from there to Africa, and from Africa to South America. Werner von Clemm, the Long Island socialite, had for a long time been importing cheap diamonds from Germany, sometimes by way of South America. He still was.

Customs agents looked at the von Clemm importations with suspicious eyes in the spring of 1941, when it was believed that the Nazis were going to attempt to slip through the first batch from the Low Countries haul as stones that had been cut in Germany. Von Clemm, a smooth customer in his early forties, smiled smugly when the Customs inspectors went over the stones. Obviously, these diamonds that he was bringing in were just what he represented them to be—cheap Reich stuff, shot through with fractures, feathers, and carbon spots. A Low Countries stone would have shown up among them like a lighted cigarette in a blackout.

Customs men began to wonder whether von Clemm would be the medium through which the loot would be brought in, after all. Then it was discovered that he was related through marriage to none other than von Ribbentrop!

By late April the information that was turning up in Ludwig's secret-writing letters was putting the G-men in a delicate spot. Somehow Ludwig was finding out more and more about shipping going out of the port of New York. If permitted to go through, the intelligence that he was sending would have been of inestimable value to Hitler's undersea wolf packs. Yet, if it was held up altogether, the Nazis might smell a rat. The F. B. I. and other government investigative agencies decided on a middle-of-the-road course, the details of which cannot be disclosed here, and hoped for the best.

FRITZ DUQUESNE, leader of the other espionage group, was also concerning himself with shipping. He said to Sebold one day late in April, in Sebold's spurious violin studio in the Newsweek Building, "Harry, we've got to help the U-boat command out more than we have been doing."

"What do you have in mind, Fritz?" asked Sebold.

"I was talking on the phone to a friend of mine who's been looking things over at the Erie Basin out in Brooklyn. There's a tub there getting ready to sail, and if the U-boat command doesn't get accurate advance information on it, it'll just be a damned shame."

"What's the name of the boat?" asked Sebold.

"The Robin Moor," answered Duquesne.

Just what Hitler's spies were then accomplishing in aircraft plants and shipyards, and just how their dirty work was and is done, will be told in full detail in Liberty next week.

POLONAISE

LIBERTY'S *SHORT SHORT*

BY ELICK MOLL

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SAUNDERS was telling us a story he'd picked up in Moscow last winter. Saunders is a good newspaperman but a bit on the literal-minded side. I'm afraid I didn't listen very closely. . . .

We were at Tony Gregg's place in Kensington — Markham, Saunders, Blakely, and I, and half a dozen R. A. F. lads we'd picked up en route. Something big was in the wind, something on the scale of the Cologne raid, we hoped, and Tony'd got a special dispensation from the powers that be for several of us to go on to squadron headquarters later and watch the curtain go up.

Meanwhile the boys had been toasting the United Nations, nation by nation, including Luxemburg, Sarawak, Monaco, and so on, and there comes a time in a young fellow's life when he wants to set his glass on a piano and sound his A. Tony had a piano, a magnificent Bluthner, in surprisingly good repair. One of the flyers, a handsome blond lad who looked vaguely familiar to me, evidently could play, but he was being a bit stiff-necked about it. Or perhaps he was just shy.

He broke down finally and went to the piano. The others gathered round. Their voices rose, imperfectly blended and strangely moving, as young voices always are, singing together. The harmonies slightly off pitch but warm with the sense of comradeship in the pleasant room, our glasses delicately silvered with frost (Tony, with princely prodigality, had fixed us some planter's punches) made for the moment an impalpable but effective barricade against the imminence of war and death. . . .

". . . So a few days later," Saunders said, "the Gestapo released about half a dozen of the strikers, sent them back into the town. They hadn't done anything to them—much. Some of the men—these were all skilled workers, you understand—had had their fingers broken, one by one. Others had swastikas burned into their palms, down to the bone."

"My Lord!" Markham exclaimed. "Who dug that one up? That's out of the bottom drawer, Saunders."

"Old debbil Tass must be slipping," Blakely said. "That's not even professional. Sounds like a corny Russian version of The Scarlet Letter."

Saunders was nettled. "It happens that that story comes from—"

"Quite, quite," Tony interjected. "The usual unimpeachable sources. Here, take this and forget the Gestapo," he advised, shoving a glass into Saunders' hand.

We sipped our drinks. The singers had drifted away from the piano. It was getting to be time to leave. The blond youth lingered over the keys, beautiful and somber, like the black and gold of summer sunset.

"I've seen that chap somewhere," I said to Tony. "Who is he?"

"Young Pole. Handsome devil, isn't he? Name of Chunowski, Cherowski, something of the sort. Bit of a genius too, I gather—"

Of course. The vague remembrance that had been nuzzling my consciousness broke through suddenly. Chernasski, the young Polish prodigy. I'd heard him four or five years ago at Carnegie. A reedy golden-haired boy with magic in his fingers. . . .

"But it's not possible," I said to Tony. "I heard Chernasski play just a few years ago. He was a superb pianist."

He was playing, almost inaudibly, some familiar snatches. Chopin—the Military Polonaise. How magnificently, stirringly he'd done it that day at Carnegie! It seemed pretty sad now.

Tony was watching my expression. "First time I've seen him go near a piano. Must be rather painful for some one like that, I expect. You know . . . he got quite a kicking around at the hands of the Nazis before he got away, too—he was just a kid when they marched in. Seventeen or eighteen. Not much time for Czerny, I expect . . ."

Not much time for Czerny! The classic British understatement. Yet it was still there. The unmistakable stamp of genius, a kind of blurred, tarnished magnificence. I caught a glimpse of his hands, the marvelous pianist's hands, fingers whittled spare and bony in the long-ago hours of dedication. They were woefully stiff now, but they still wandered proudly over the keys, making a palace court of them somehow, like exiled royalty returning in a dream to the lost and beloved domain.

I walked over and stood behind him and he sensed my presence immediately and swung around.

"Please," I said. "Don't let me disturb you."

He stood up. "I am afraid it was I who make the disturbance." He smiled remotely and it gave me a funny little wrench. "When the door is of earth," he said, "is better to leave closed. Otherwise there is dust and a bod stale smell."

I felt clumsy and intrusive, as if I'd barged unwittingly into some secret little ritual where a stranger didn't belong. But it was too late to back out now. The harm was done.

"I heard you play at Carnegie Hall," I said awkwardly. Silence yawned threateningly between us. "About five years ago. You played the Schumann concerto."

"Oh, yes." His eyes went warm and lost for a moment. I looked away. I didn't want to see ruined Poland come back to his face, his own blighted youth and talent lying useless again in his eyes. "Schumann," he said. "Beethoven, Brahms. . . . That was long time ago."

"Yes. That was a long time ago," I echoed stupidly. There didn't seem to be anything else to say.

Tony came up with a couple of glasses. "That's the last of the ice," he said. "You two barbarians may have it."

"Dzen kuje."

"Well," I said. I raised my glass. "To bigger and better Colognes. And to Carnegie Hall," I couldn't help adding, for those boy's eyes of his, grown too old too quickly. "To your next appearance there. In happier times."

He bowed slightly with formal, exquisite courtesy. We drank. He set his glass down carefully, the long sculptured fingers lingering over its coolness. Curiously, something Saunders had been telling us a while back, that I'd hardly listened to, flashed through my mind. With an odd, sick certainty I watched his fingers leave the glass; they didn't quite relax, didn't straighten entirely. And as his hand dropped to his side, I glimpsed —suddenly enormous, like a cross burning in the night—the deep, ragged outline of a swastika burned into his palm.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

WILL WE HAVE

A frank answer to an all-important question—with a few tips on what we will and won't have—and why

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

IT'S here, the food shortage!

At least, that's what the pessimists are saying. Pessimists in high places, too. And if they are right, all other bottlenecks are as nothing.

The United Nations realize this. They have formed the British-American Combined Food Board to allocate among the Allies the pooled stocks of the United States and the United Kingdom. They call it "the immediate problem." And it is.

Universal rationing, the gloomy ones tell us, is inevitable. Already sugar; soon meat; and when the bulk of the grain crop starts going into synthetic rubber and smokeless powder, the picture will be complete. There won't be enough food to go around. Or will there?

And how are we going to get hold of what food there is?

The problem of getting food even to the soldiers is almost as acute as the problem of getting them arms and tanks and planes. Refrigerator cars are already being transformed into munitions haulers. Delivery trucks have gone 90 per cent war. How are the raw food materials to be gotten to the manufacturers? How are the finished products to be gotten to us?

During the next six months these are going to be the most frequently asked questions in America.

And with reason.

The soldier, of course, must continue to get his pound of meat a day. But how about the worker on the production front? How about all of us? We can't keep up health or morale at home with insufficient food.

Who is going to solve these problems?

Well, let's look first at the problems themselves. That is what I have been doing these last six months—in factories and laboratories, in fruit and vegetable markets, and on farms—and I just can't be gloomy about them.

If the war lasts a long time, and especially when it reaches the point of freeing and feeding the Nazi-starved captive states of Europe, the supplies available for our own use will undoubtedly sink well below peace levels. The man with the stomach capacity for an outsize dinosaur will find himself with gastric space to rent. Portions will be smaller, and the American vice of overeating will be out for the duration—but that can hardly be termed a national calamity.

By the same token, many exotic items will disappear from our menus, both public and private. Epicures will eat what there is, just like us common eaters. But in times like these the fate of the gourmet brings no more tears to the eye than the fate of the gourmand. Eating for eating's sake is also out for the duration.

As to the essentials, however, the situation seems to be well in hand.

Official rationing in this country is still at the nadir. In Berlin, Moscow, and London, even in neutral Madrid and Lisbon, housewives stand in line outside food stores to get their weekly allotments of eggs, butter, meat, potatoes, fish, and almost every other common edible. Here we get only our sugar on a meal-ticket basis, and a rather generous basis at that. In fact, there would have been no need to ration even sugar if any other way could have been found to keep housewives from emulating the squirrel.

Unofficial rationing of many products, however, is much more common in this country than we consumers realize. Some of it is conscious effort on the part of retailers to make meager supplies last as long as possible. Most of it goes further back—to the producers and distributors of foodstuffs who are forced by labor and transportation shortages into involuntary rationing whether they like it or not.

So far we have suffered surprisingly little inconvenience from this unusual situation, and there is no reason to believe that we would suffer any more if this general rationing became official. Letters from England and returning travelers tell us that the system there works so smoothly that "no one minds." But just how it would work in this country in some commodities—for instance, meat—is not easy to predict.

The meatless Tuesday idea, promulgated by Food Administrator Hoover in the first World War, is opposed by most people in the packing industry because it tends to create the impression that the patriotic thing to do is not to eat meat at all. Most health authorities agree that such a public reaction would be fatal at a time when the physical strength of the indi-

Grain from America's large store is sent by freighter to our troops and allies.

ENOUGH TO EAT?

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

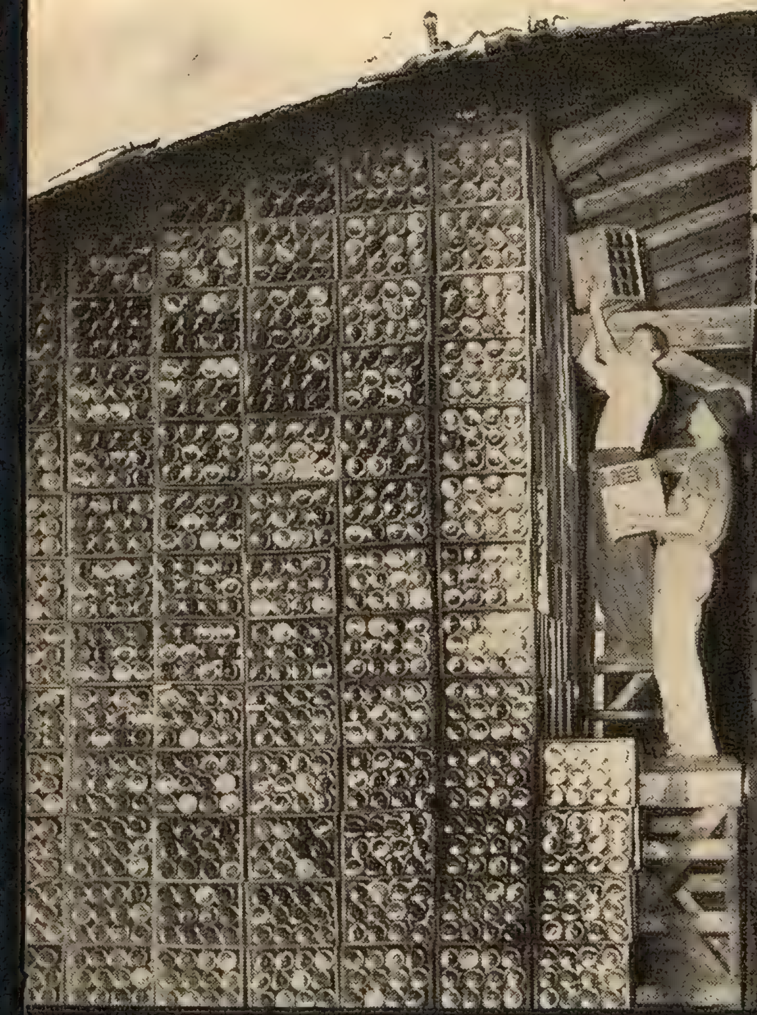
vidual should be maintained at the highest possible level.

The alternative method—some kind of individual rationing—presents difficulties of another sort, because meat is so unevenly consumed. The poor eat little of it in the best of times. The government naturally does not wish to reduce the whole nation to a "poverty diet" of this essential food—but how else can it hope to save the three billion pounds which experts say we will be shy of next year?

That is the phase of the problem on which the experts are now working, and with every prospect of finding a solution before the meat shortage becomes acute. Fortunately this year's meat crop is of the bumper variety. There is such an abundance of ham and pork that some authorities feel that this item alone makes immediate meat rationing quite unnecessary.

If, however, the government decides that it is wiser and fairer to begin regulating this vital item in our diet while there is still enough to go around, the proposed ration of 2½ pounds per person per week should work no hardship on any one. And no annoyance either—especially when we compare this figure of 40 ounces with what the rest of the world is eating. The maximum ration allowed an Englishman is 16 ounces, a German 12½, a Hollander 9, a Belgian 5, an Italian 3½ to 4.

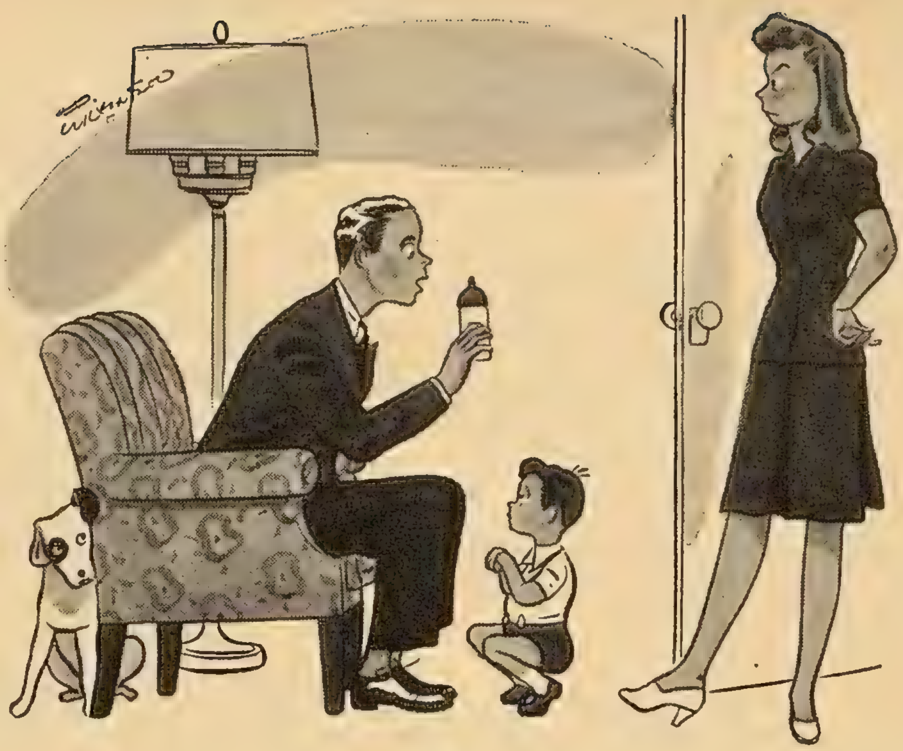
Granting that our meat ration will


nned peas for the army—enough to serve 2,500,000.

This plant helps the U. S. to produce 100,000,000 pounds of dried eggs a year.

d eggs, "reconstituted" by adding water, replace shell eggs.

These potatoes grow successfully without soil. Yield is 2,465 pounds an acre.



"Speak!"

be lower before it is higher, there is still plenty of falling distance before reaching a subsistence level—and the same principle applies to most staples.

However, the fact that our food problems are not so difficult as alarmists would have us think does not mean that they do not exist, or that in the coming months they will not increase both in number and degree. In the long run there will be food for all—but there's going to be a scary period, and possibly a scarcity one, during which the familiar query, "When do we eat?" may give way temporarily to "What do we eat?"

Obviously we will have less tea, coffee, cocoa, bananas, tapioca, and other imported foods; also, because of transportation bottlenecks, a less general distribution of sectional products. There will be plenty of wheat grown, cattle born, milk created—but, in global-war times, plenty of food does not always mean plenty of eating. The transportation difficulties are well known. Others now loom. Canning and processing factories formerly supplying the civilian population are now 100 per cent on war work. Nitrogen which would normally be used for fertilizing crops now goes into TNT, and crops usually translated into foodstuffs now go into smokeless powder.

Man power to harvest the food crops which remain is increasingly scarce. Dairy farmers foresee the day when there won't be enough hands to milk their cows.

THE most important factor in reducing our bumper crops to a level approaching bare necessities is the job of feeding our allies. It is all very well to talk of pooling the food resources of the United Nations, but the chief contributor to that pool is bound to be the United States.

In the face of these demands on our food resources, it would be foolhardy to blind ourselves to the fact that we do have food problems that must be solved.

By whom?

American scientists and American food manufacturers. They have solved them already in laboratory practice, and they are getting ready to go to town on the grand scale. Dehydrating food to save transportation is merely routine stuff compared with what is coming.

The Nutrition Foundation, Dr. Karl T. Compton, chairman of the board, with a million-dollar endowment supplied by the food-manufacturing companies of America, has financed thirty-six nutrition research studies in twenty-two leading universities.

Extraordinary new methods have been discovered for accelerating the growth of fruit and vegetables and doubling their size, for multiplying the number of crops and the productiveness of animals, for intensifying and compressing nutritive values—more food to the pound, to the inch, to the dollar.

The 32,000 trained scientists working in United States laboratories today comprise our hidden weapon.

"If we can get all our idea men working for us," a wise American once said, "we need never fear the engines of an invader" or, he might have added, the ravages of hunger.

The idea men are certainly working. Charles F. Kettering, head of the recently organized National Inventors Council, reports that 91,823 suggestions have already been received. Many of these have to do with food and processes of producing foods. And packaging them. Politicians used to talk about the full dinner pail. Now, with the Japs cornering 90 per cent of the world's tin supply, there aren't any pails, full or empty. Or any tin cans in which to store food. But our idea men quickly solved that problem.

Now we have tin cans without tin, or will have them shortly. Tin cans are more than 98 per cent sheet steel. To replace the less than 2 per cent of pure tin, scientists have developed from ordinary cow's milk a lacquer especially suited to the most widely used of all cans, the ones that hold evaporated and condensed milk.

While these new tinless cans are going into commercial production other scientists are devising "cans" which require neither tin nor steel. Eggs are now shipped in ordinary cartons with a special cellophane lining instead of in the old round tins which weighed about two pounds each—a device which will release 12,000 tons of steel and tin when applied to the more than three billion eggs shipped each year. Another thin layer, called pliofilm, when used as a carton lining is so water-resistant that liquids thus packed may be stored indefinitely.

What tinless cans have done for the storage problem, dehydration is doing for the transportation problem. Dried foods occupy a minimum amount of precious cargo space. Millions of quarts of milk in dried form can be sent to Malta or any other distant point where our United Nations forces need it. The soldier simply adds a quart of water to 4½ ounces of the powdered whole milk. And that's what the civilian will be doing in the near future if the transportation bottleneck gets worse at home.

We may do it anyway, from choice, not only with milk but many other foods. A ton of fresh peas when dehydrated weighs only 350 pounds; a ton of string beans only 200 pounds. Moreover, dehydrated foods can be packed in inexpensive lightweight paper boxboard cans. This means that one freight car, one delivery truck, one shipload of food can feed ten times as many people as before and at a correspondingly reduced cost for carrying and handling.

Frozen foods come into the war picture too. Hitherto they have been regarded by most people as a luxury product. Now we have begun to realize their economy possibilities. Thanks to the production of medium-priced home freezers and the million or more cold lockers which have been built throughout the country by the frozen-foods industry—and which can be rented by individuals for a dollar a month or less—we can buy a whole year's supply of fresh vegetables and meats and poultry at seasons when the supply is largest and the price lowest and keep them fresh at zero temperature for use when the need is greatest. This is not hoarding, it is plain common sense—and the opportunity to exercise it is going to make a lot of difference in preparing for any emergency that may arise.

I mention these largely mechanical improvements first because they bear directly on the currently urgent problems of transportation and storage. Without them, all the bumper crops a prodigal Nature could produce would be of little use in meeting the immediate emergency. For meeting later actual shortages as distinguished from present artificial ones, the work being done in improving, strengthening, and lessening the cost of food itself is even more important.

For example, our common white flour—which had been refined in the interest of purity, beauty, and daintiness to the point where it had lost all but a tiny fraction of the thiamine, riboflavin, and nicotinic acid which had given it its strength—is once more capable of making bread which is in fact as well as in name the staff of life. This step, taken voluntarily by American manufacturers, has been termed "the greatest single stroke for human health attempted in our generation." Certainly it will be a mighty factor in warding off disease and famine to have the same amount of bread give more strength or, if necessary, a lesser amount give the same strength.

Further developments of this bread-vitaminizing process are under way. A plant has been discovered in Venezuela which, mixed with two thirds wheat flour, gives a bread of good flavor and more than the usual energy. Waste liquids which paper mills are now dumping into rivers can be utilized on a large scale to produce a very rare sugar essential in the synthesis of vitamin B-2. This sugar formerly cost $18,000 a pound! A so-called vitamin biscuit, weighing 12 grams, measuring 2½ inches square and 3 inches thick, contains all the B vitamins as well as A and D, together with iron, calcium, phosphorous, and other essential minerals.

Pure butter oil and skim-milk powder, dehydrated products, have been found to contain all the food nutrients in ordinary butter. They are so thoroughly heat-resistant that they can be shipped into hot climates and held for a year or more. With the aid of a little cold water, they can then be made into succulent butter.

A hormone has been found, one half teaspoonful of which in 100 gallons of water, when sprayed on apple trees, will keep the fruit from falling and thus eliminate a waste which regularly decreases the volume and increases the price of our most healthful fruit crop.

AFTER 40,000 different crossbreedings, a tomato has been developed which is immune to blight, wilt, and all other diseases which can devastate the tomato crop.

Soil-fattening processes, applied to parched ground, especially in the Southern states, has vastly increased acreage available for cattle grazing.

The miracle-working drug colchicine daily performs more and more marvels in stepping up the growth of fruits and vegetables and increasing their size.

Alexander Graham Bell's dream of a commercially practical multi-nippled sheep which will ovulate twice a year instead of once and produce two lambs instead of one each time, is actually coming true today.

Injections of hormones into hens has reduced the intervals between egg-laying from twenty-four hours to seventeen; and putting Biddy on a twenty-six-hour day (fourteen light and twelve dark) also helps to make her more productive.

Bees that are moved from place to place with the seasons make five times as much honey as stationary bees. And bees with longer noses are being developed for digging deeper into flowers!

Practical scientists from Purdue University have shown Indiana potato growers how to mix certain chemicals with the sour muck bottoms of swamps and dried-up lakes and rivers in such a way as to make this wasteland produce 400 to 600 bushels of America's best potatoes as against an average national yield of only 120 an acre.

Efforts are also being made to make the not too nervous hog less nervous so it will fatten faster and give more and better ham and pork!

NOT all these innovations are as yet in operation on a nation-wide scale, but they will be in time to help meet any oncoming need. In the meantime there is much that can be done in less daring fields.

We can all help in this situation, not so much in production as in consumption. Victory gardens are O. K. if there is sufficient man and woman and child power in the family circle to operate them; if outside labor must be employed, there is little net gain to the household or to the nation. Victory menus, on the other hand, are practical for everybody. These should be a judicious blending of what we most need and what the country most needs to have us eat.

The first of these requirements is stable. We know that milk and milk products, bread, cereals, fruit, vegetables, fats, sweets, meat and eggs are essentials. The second requirement—eating what will help most to win the war—is variable and depends on both crop and world conditions.

For example, wheat and flour are abundant now; we should buy all we can afford and thus free valuable storage space and transportation facilities. The supply of fresh meat is at its peak during the early winter months, we should concentrate on fresh cuts then and save the cured types for less abundant periods, thus preventing waste of a perishable product. Common sense will tell us most of these things; the Department of Agriculture will tell us the rest.

The skillful housewife can stretch her supplies of the right foods a long way by cooking them right. Minerals, almost every kind from salt to aluminum, but chiefly calcium and phosphorus, are necessary to the human body; but too many cooks throw out the parts of food in which they most abound—for example, the blood, bones, and organs of animals, the peelings of fruit and root vegetables, the outside leaves of lettuce.

The ingenious housewife can take one further step. She can make tasty dishes out of materials less frequently used as food for humans. Grass is far richer in vitamins than many green vegetables, and its protein value is high. The younger varieties are now sold in London markets. "Eaten as a salad," writes one English lady, "it has a pleasant fresh taste." Likewise, dandelions have four times as much vitamin C as oranges. Stinging-nettle purée and beetroot buns are other foods born of British necessity.

The more familiar substitutes, like saccharin for sugar—four pounds of saccharin are equivalent in sweetening power to a ton of sugar!—and dried beans, peas, and lentils for meat need no introduction to housewives conditioned by long years of depression. The importance of cheese, however, as insurance against possible meat scarcity is not fully appreciated. We Americans consume only about four pounds of cheese per year per stomach. Perhaps this unfortunate abstinence is due to the fact that American cheese makers in the past mostly made only one kind, American "store" cheese. Good, too, if you liked it—but if you didn't, no dice.

THE war has changed all that. Imported cheeses have practically disappeared from the American market, but today, thanks chiefly to the ingenuity of Wisconsin dairymen, we produce more Cheddar than England, more Edam than Holland, more Camembert than France, more Gorgonzola than Italy, and more Swiss cheese than Switzerland. There is now a cheese for every palate. And each one of them is high in protein and fuel value.

What is true of cheese is true of other long neglected sources of health and strength. In the first World War we supplemented our red-meat supplies with increased allowances of poultry and fish. The prospect of our being able to do this now on any large scale is dim: the increase in available poultry is far too small to take care of greatly increased demands, and fish production is off nearly 40 per cent. If, therefore, a real meat shortage should develop before the more revolutionary steps being taken by scientists and food manufacturers have wholly reached their goal, we must turn to humbler products.

The turning should not be too hard. And before we tire of the substitutes we already have on hand, our scientific friends will undoubtedly be along with new ones.

Natural foods grown without earth, producible in factories, skyscrapers—anywhere—and therefore requiring only short-haul transportation, may become as common as ground-grown foods are today. Synthetic foods in capsule form may not be necessary but they will be available.

In other words, "When do we eat?" may give way to "What do we eat?" but not to that shorter and uglier query, "*Do* we eat?"

THE END

Two Soldiers

Do men see duty more clearly than women? This is a story of one who did and one who didn't—and a wife who chose between them

BY WILLIAM DU BOIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

FOR a long time now Anne had been sitting at her apartment window, staring down at the street. Now she watched the Abbotts (the nice young couple from 12-E) loading the last of their baggage into their car with the help of two doormen. There was a striped umbrella, a picnic basket, a portable radio. . . . Watching the car swing toward the river, she followed it in her mind's eye as it entered the sleek Martian approach to the Triborough. Two hours from now that beach umbrella would be opened wide before a summer cottage; and young Mr. Abbott—resplendent in slack suit and *espadrilles*—would be bringing his wife a cocktail in a frosted shaker. Or perhaps they would be riding the surf at Montauk, the world's chaos well lost in the rhythm of the evening sea. A year ago she had driven out to Montauk on just such a vacation, with Tom beside her. . . .

She faced back to her stripped living room with hot tears in her eyes. Despite the crated furniture, the apartment still had a heartbreaking lived-in quality. Anne had that way with homes. She would store more than memory with the pottery she and Tom had bought at Ferney on their honeymoon. (To say nothing of the Bermuda Wedgwood, the yellow-backed novels from the Odéon bookstalls, the dry point of the Tower Bridge that had always hung between the Lunéville roosters.) *Ferney, Bermuda, Lunéville.* Those names had lost their magic, too.

Groping frantically for something that would hold her attention, she sat down at the roped-up desk to look over the neat stack of bills in her handbag. *Paid, thank heaven.* At least she would be leaving the apartment solvent. She had always been a good manager of Tom's money—and her own. Not that it was hard to balance a budget when your husband was the rising landscape architect at Stanton & Green, New York's most streamlined builders. The sort of architect who had never wanted an assignment, with the friends they had—not until a world crisis had put its taboo on building, even for the very rich.

Their story was a simple one, after all. Thanks to the troubled times, Anne had kept her own job after her marriage—partly as an anchor to windward, partly as an amusing activity while Tom was at his drawing board. Now, of course, that wretched forty a week had caught up on them.

She leaned back in the burlap-covered chair, staring at the blank wall above her hearthstone, remembering Tom's off-center grin when he had brought her the news, six incredible months ago.

"But, darling, they can't reclassify you—"

"It's a hard-boiled draft board, and they must make their quota. Little things like family ties must go by the board."

"Surely you can appeal?"

"I have no children, debts, or dependents." Even then, she remembered, he had seemed oddly resigned to it all. "I go to Governors Island tomorrow for my physical. Since I'm in rude health, as always, I'm afraid you must make up your mind to lose me, Anne."

She said dully, "I'm your dependent. Or doesn't a wife count any more?"

"Not when she's secretary to a publisher. Away back in '40, when I filled out my questionnaire, I had to say that you were working for old Lorrel . . . I had to mention your salary. The Selective Service yardstick says you're more than self-supporting."

Anne looked despairingly about the living room on which she had lavished her love. "But I can't live on forty a week. Even the government must see that."

"It's certain you can't keep this," said Tom.

"What about the car, and the lease?"

"The car must go on jacks anyhow, with that right front tread down to

the tube. Don't worry about the lease. You can stay on—until September, at least. I meant to break this part by degrees, Anne. But I should have gone long ago. Now they've come after me, I *want* to go."

ANNE sat on, mesmerized by the blank spot above her mantel where the Tower Bridge had hung so proudly. She could still hear those words in the back of her brain, like a recording she could turn on at will.

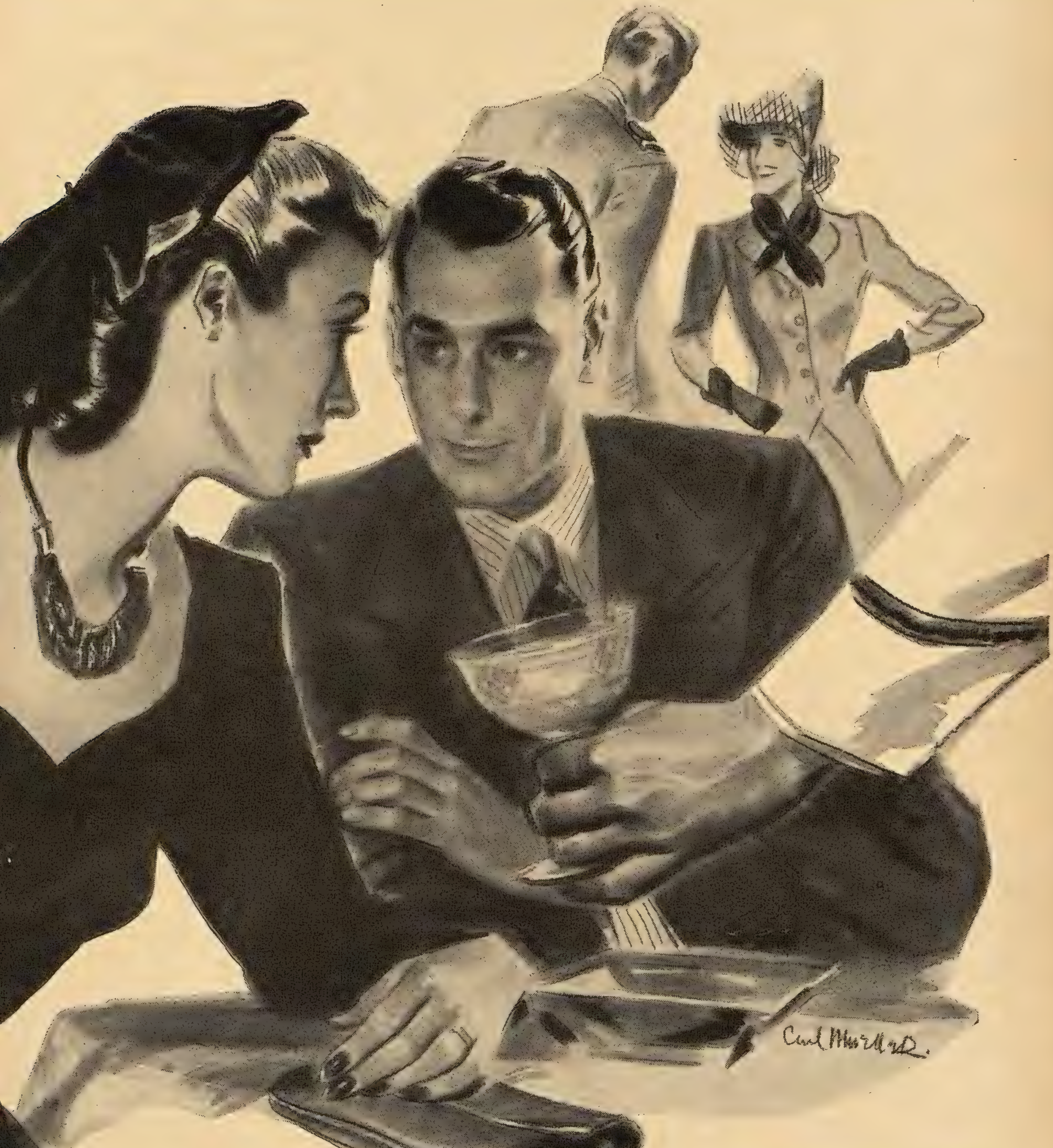
"Darling, you must have noticed the change in me."

"No, Tom. So help me—"

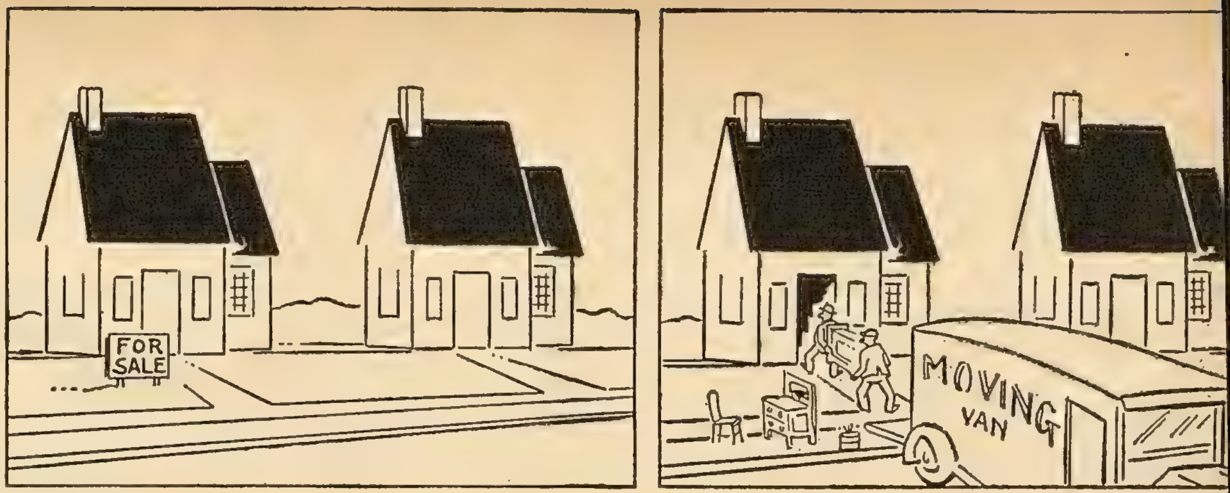
"It's been a long, lazy wrestle with my conscience, I'm afraid. . . . You see, I could hardly pretend to be busy at my office, even if they did go on paying me a salary. On the other hand, it was easy to pretend I was happy—here." He made an inclusive gesture. "This is all coming out backward, Anne. Must I put it in words?"

She'd wailed in earnest then: "You *want* to go. You *want* to be free of me—"

"You're part of me," said Tom Harper huskily. "I couldn't be free of you



When they were seated at their usual table, she could not be too shocked when the waiter brought them champagne cocktails without being asked.



if I tried. That doesn't keep me from wanting a real job—"

"Then why didn't you try for a commission before they drafted you?"

"Because I'm thinking of the job first—and what I'll need to know before I can start it."

"So you're letting them take you—as a private."

He'd met her eyes. "That's the word for me, Anne."

She stared at him incredulously. Tom Harper had never talked to her like this before. Always he had been the model husband, tender at the right moments, considerate of her moods, robust in plans for her welfare. . . . She fumbled for the words. "But, Tom—you *must* have thought of me."

"Always."

"And what'll our friends say if you—"

"The ones who matter will understand. So will you when you've thought it through—"

"But how will I live?"

"You can pay board at your sister's place in Flushing when this lease is up." He smiled wryly. "I'll send you half my pay, so you can commute to your job. Twenty-five a month will buy you a lot of subway rides. . . . Of course, I know you've always hated suburbia, but—"

"Keep right on," she said. "You're telling this."

"Think back over our marriage, Anne. We stepped away from the altar in '36. I was fresh out of Harvard then, with no assets but a T-square and my nerve. Fortunately, your father was still living. You'll remember the wires he pulled to get me that berth at Stanton's—"

"Why the rehearsal, Tom?"

"I'm merely reminding you how I fell with my nose in the butter, and stayed there. Don't think that I'm complaining. It was a grand party while it lasted; probably I've given Stanton & Green their money's worth, too. . . . It's time I made a break, that's all. A war always makes any kind of break a lot easier."

"Of course, if you refuse to be definite—"

"With the firm's help," said Tom patiently, "I could apply for a lieutenancy in the Engineers, and get it. I could even pretend I had some quality for leadership. Actually I'm a guy with a knack for pretty garden pictures and a little freshman knowledge of blueprints. Aside from that I'm as innocent of the world as a 1920 flapper. It's sporting of the army to pay me while I learn. It's only fair of me to begin learning at the bottom—even if it takes years—"

"Years?" said Anne faintly.

"America has quite a chore on its hands, I'm afraid. Haven't you been reading the papers lately?"

Anne spoke slowly: "Maybe I've a thing or two to learn myself, Tom."

"Now you've raised the subject, darling, *maybe* is the wrong word."

"Especially about you. I thought you wanted to be a success in this world."

"I do—afterward, when we're out of this holocaust. Or should I add *if* and when?"

THEY had fought the subject to a standstill that day. Neither had given an inch, of course; and yet Anne felt that she had made a real effort to understand. . . . The imponderables remained. Because of some obscure feeling of inadequacy, Tom refused to seek an officer's rating. He expected her to share that feeling on the spot, and was unhappy when she failed.

"Never you mind, Anne. You'll get my point in time."

Next morning the Governors Island ferry had swallowed him with all the precision of nightmare; shortly thereafter he had returned on mandatory furlough, to wind up his affairs at Stanton's. A homecoming with no overtone of adventure. At the moment his uniform was much too ill-fitting. . . .

Anne had tried hard to make herself part of a crusade when she stood waving at his vanishing train; and then, conscious of the sweethearts and wives at the gate, she had stood back for a detached moment before she took her taxi uptown—firmly banishing the thought that she must give up taxis if she meant to pay her rent.

It's time I made a break. Did that really mean that Tom wished to be quits with her? The eagerness in his eyes removed that absurd thought when he returned on his first real leave. Under his lean brown exterior he was the man she had tried to make happy once, according to her lights. Yet he was subtly changed, too. She could hardly say he brooded when they were together. But there was a part of his mind she could not reach now, no matter how she tried. . . .

She had worked at that task hard the evening of Jim Derring's cocktail party. Poised before the wall mirror in their bedroom, confident as a gleaming bird in her new gold lamé, she studied her husband carefully. . . . He was seated on the edge of a frilly bed—watching her with flattering attention. Quite as though they had met for the first time and he was trying to make up his mind about her. . . . Once again she noted his clean-limbed

20 QUESTIONS

1. May 6, 1940, was the hundredth anniversary of the "first adhesive postal paper." By what more familiar name do you know it now?

2. You've heard of the novel and the motion picture This Above All. Can you continue the quotation from which the title was taken?

3. Ethnologist, ethician, entomologist. Which of these is concerned with rules of conduct?

4. Is Marion Hargrove a Hollywood glamour girl, a soldier-author, a famous interior decorator?

5. What popular columnists write under these titles: Fair Enough, The Sun Dial, and My Day?

6. The department on page 56 has a strange title, Vox Pop. It is an abbreviation of what?

7. Which calendar do we follow, the Julian, Gregorian, or World?

8. What football teams have been given these nicknames: Golden Bears, Big Red, Mustangs, Fighting Irish?

9. Here's another football question: In what cities are these games held—Sun Bowl, Sugar Bowl, Cotton Bowl?

10. Remember the slang terms we derived from food items recently? How about three from the names of kitchen utensils?

11. Fill in the name of the person addressed in each of these songs: This Is the Army, Mr. ——; Dinner for One, Please, ——; When You and I Were Young, ——.

12. "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways." The author and her husband were the subjects of a motion picture. Who was she?

13. With what meanings would the word "print" be used—in a department store, in a dairy, in a police station?

14. Whose ungovernable temper caused him to stamp the ground so hard that he couldn't free his feet—Napoleon, Hamlet, Rumpelstiltskin?

15. In England it's a bowler. What is it here?

16. Mucilage, persiflage, camouflage. Which term means "bantering talk"?

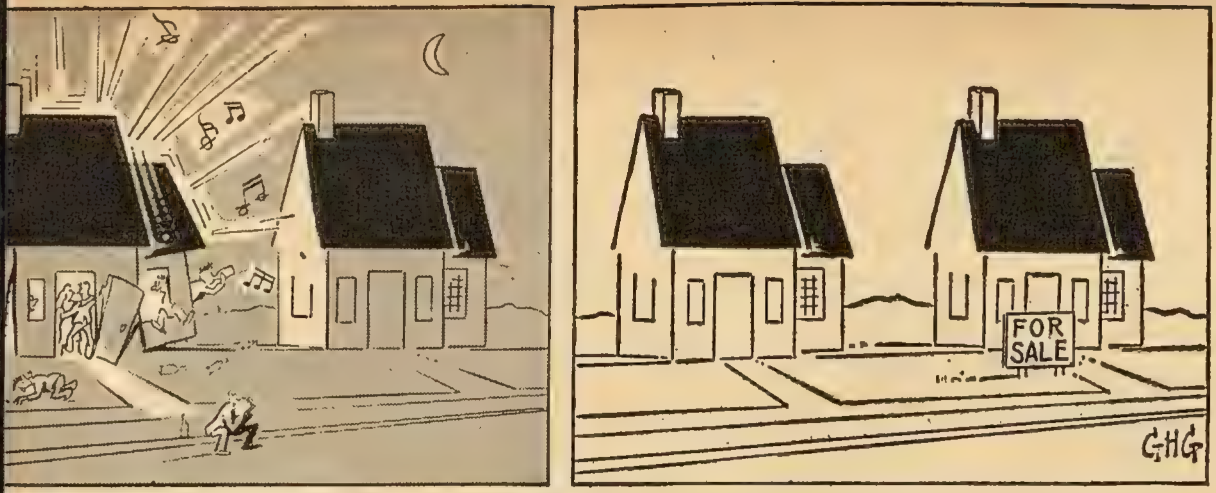
17. If you were entering West Point how long a course would you expect?

18. What is "Mare nostrum"?

19. "Now it can be declared that the enemy already is broken and will never rise again." Who said it, referring to whom?

20. To which mythological character could Gunder Haegg most accurately be compared: to Zeus, to Mercury, or to Mars?

(*Answers will be found on page 36*)



health, his tranquil eyes. *He has no right to look so complete without me.*

"Must we go to Derry's?" asked Tom.

"I accepted in your absence. Just because you dislike him—"

"Derry is a drone," said Tom. "He's always used his grandfather's money for insulation—even when we were at Harvard. War or no war, there's still no way of stopping that . . . just as there's no way to stop you from seeing him—"

"Jealous?"

"On the contrary." He smiled easily then—a bit too easily for Anne's peace of mind. "If you see enough of Derry, he'll make my point for me. I guess you're right, Anne. We'd better go to this cocktail fight, just to complete your education."

HE had refused to elaborate as he folded her silver fox about her and followed her amiably to the lift. . . . As it happened, Anne saw little of Derry that evening. As usual, his apartment was lighted like a Christmas tree in spite of the dimout, and jammed to the terrace rails with international gaiety. In her first half hour Anne rubbed elbows with Gold Coast stars, diplomats, rich refugees in all languages. As always at Derry's, she had enjoyed herself hugely. . . .

In the reckless homeward taxi beside her, Tom said, "Derry cornered me tonight for all of fifteen minutes. Wants to help me get a commission—"

"Did you thank him properly?"

"I'm afraid I changed the subject," said Tom. "Advised him to pull a few portières before he locked horns with his wardens. . . . Wonderful, isn't it, how cotton wool can dull the senses if it's expensive enough?"

Anne ignored that cryptic remark. "I wouldn't underestimate Derry, if I were you."

"I couldn't if I tried," said Tom—and drew her close. She had wanted to pursue the argument. To scold him roundly for refusing Derry's help. But it was hard to be coherent with Tom's lips on hers. Hard to remember arguments this last night of his leave.

The long summer had settled like a blight on New York after he had gone. An eternity, with little news and less hope. Derry had made her loneliness bearable. Why should she refuse to see him when Tom himself had given her *carte blanche?*

"After all," said Derry, "it's my nature to console lonely wives. I'm the sort of homewrecker who was born to be patient at my work."

This was the second week-end after Tom's departure. Forty miles away, the city sweltered under the first heat wave. Here at Derry's beach club the afternoon was air-conditioned. Perched on a *cabaña* rail, still tingling from their swim, Anne had known her first moment of ease. Until Derry had spoiled everything with that pronouncement.

"You mustn't say such things."

"But frankness has always been my best attack." He lolled at her side now, beautifully tanned in his silk racing shorts. You could almost forget that Derry was crowding forty; or that those muscles, so-called, were largely the creation of an expert masseur. You might even pretend to be young again with Derry, on this beach almost destitute of youth.

"Naturally I'm after you," said Derry. "I also happen to be pinned down to New York this summer. . . . Offhand, I couldn't say which of us is luckier. So whenever you need fresh air, or champagne at lunch—"

THE telephone broke in on her musings. Anne Harper came to herself with a start—staring for a blind moment at the thick shadows on the floor of what had once been her home. Fumbling her way to the phone, she knew in advance that Derry was waiting for her in the lobby.

She had avoided him during this long heartbreak of packing. The worse heartbreak of no news from Tom. . . . She knew vaguely that her husband was learning his business on airfields in the deep South. Aside from that she knew nothing—save for an occasional card with strange postmarks: *Wiley, Miss. Hameau Marie, La.*—

"Learning how to think in blueprints at last. It's a great life. . . ."

"Too tired to write, much less think. All my love. . . ."

So Tom was letting her put their life in storage without one word of sympathy. She had tried to picture this new routine that stood between them; but after she had looked in vain for Hameau Marie in her desk atlas, she had abandoned even that poor effort. Why study these neat pictures of states and continents when her own small world was going up in smoke before her eyes?

Now she spoke aloud in the growing dusk: "There's no sense in crying among the ashes, either."

Then she walked out of the apartment without looking back, ignoring the threshold she had crossed in Tom Harper's arms seven years ago. Tonight there was not even a ghost lingering there to reproach her.

When she entered the downstairs lobby she saw that Derry's car was already parked under the marquee. Like everything of Derry's, the car was new and shining; he made no secret of the fact that it was one of the last convertibles to roll off the assembly line.

Anne sank into the cool upholstery with a sigh of pure content. After all, Derry had been part of her cosmos since she had left Vassar. Tonight he and his car were antidotes she needed badly. She did not even complain when he spun his wheel and rocketed across Park Avenue with the light.

"I thought you were taking me out to Lucy's—"

"I phoned your sister an hour ago. We're dining at the Twentieth Century. You look as though you could stand a cocktail."

Tonight the famous restaurant was filled with muted laughter, the decorative gallantry of smart young men in uniform. Anne moved at ease in this cool heaven, with Derry's hand light at her elbow. When they were seated at their usual table, she could not be too shocked when the waiter brought them champagne cocktails without being asked. Instead, she relaxed gratefully while Derry ordered. Caviar and consommé Céleste, and a lobster aspic like a dream from Proserpine. . . .

"And the Liebfraumilch '21 you were saving for me," said Derry to the wine steward. "Don't be shocked, Anne. Why should we give up hock just because we're crushing Hitler?" Then he leaned across the table to her, as the cloud of adoring waiters vanished. "Was it such a shock, saying good-by to the nest?"

"That apartment was an anchor," said Anne. "From now on I can't even pretend to have a past—"

IT was madness, of course, but she reveled in it. Especially now, when she could look over Derry's shoulder at the next table and watch the young couple in love. A girl with the happy light of possession in her eyes; a boy who looked absurdly young for his captain's uniform. . . . *Tom could be wearing those shoulder bars now if he weren't such an idealistic mule. He could be working at a desk in Church Street, too. Why, we might even have kept the apartment, on an officer's pay and my salary. At least, I wouldn't be sitting here with a smooth article like Jim Derring, letting him make sly love to me, and almost grateful for it.*

Derry said, "You'd scrap that past completely, if I had my way."

"Don't, please—"

"For six years now, I've waited for you to notice that I'm alive." He made one of his skillful pauses. "Perhaps I've had an embarrassment of riches lately, Anne. My conscience may even be troubling me a little. . . . Believe it or not, I wrote to Tom, suggesting that he go after a commission. Promised I'd do all I could for him if—"

"He refused your help once, Derry."

"Would you like to read his second refusal?"

Anne opened the envelope which Derry produced from his wallet. A note on army stationery, with a postmark three days old—

Dear Derry:

Your offer of help received. I'm afraid the answer is still "No, thank you." Don't ask me why, please. It would take a long time to explain, and I know the answer would bore you.

It may interest you to learn that I've been transferred to the ground force of aviation, construction division. Dull as it sounds but quite useful. In a month, at the outside, we'll be shipped overseas for some real building. . . . I'll be thinking of you then, as now. Kindly, I'm afraid. Does that prove I'm broad-minded—or only far-seeing?

As ever,

Tom.

She stared down white-lipped at the strange note, and praised heaven for the dim lighting in the restaurant. . . . So Tom would go on active duty within a month. Tom was about to sail out of her life for the duration, and he had chosen to break the news through Derry.

FROM a great distance she heard Derry's easy purr:

"Tom must know what I'm after. And yet he's leaving you without a struggle. That's what I can't grasp—" He made another of those artful pauses. "Surely *you* knew he'd be sailing next month, Anne."

She kept her voice steady as she lied: "Tom isn't *that* secretive."

"Did he give one good reason why he couldn't fight for you at home?"

"He mentioned patriotism."

"I could get him a desk job tomorrow," said Derry. "He could fight the war in blueprints—and fight me on equal terms. . . . Of course, if he doesn't think you're worth fighting for—"

"Perhaps we should let Tom answer that," said Anne. She spoke quite mechanically. Inwardly she raged, *Why can't I be angrier?*

"Fair enough," said Derry. "He should be getting his final leave soon. When do you expect him?"

Anne had no answer, but she answered regardless: "Tom will be home any day now."

"Will you dine with me tomorrow, if you're still a wife alone? Or would you like a day to cool off?"

She met the challenge eye to eye. "So you honestly think you've upset me?"

"No," said Derry. "You're a smart girl, Anne. I'm sure you've worked Tom's attitude out long ago. Furthermore, I'm quite willing to wait until you decide about me. . . . Now, shall we change the subject and have a liqueur?"

"I think it's high time you took me out to Flushing," said Anne. "You've won this round, and you know it."

THEY drove east through nearly empty streets. Even now there was something unreal about New York in a dimout. In the starlight those spires looked reckless as ever of tomorrow; yet they looked lonely, too, in the dark. Metropolis, holding its breath and waiting—for what? For news of a real victory at last—or simply for bombs?

Anne forgot the fantasy when Derry roared down from the bridge and swept across the Long Island flats with his eight cylinders insolently wide. *There'll be other evenings like this. I'll go out with him, no matter how much I blame myself afterward. Even now, when I see how skillfully he's come between Tom and me. . . .*

Aloud she said, "You don't have to speed, Derry. Not unless you've another war widow to console tonight—"

"Traffic rules were made for slaves," said Derry. "Besides, I know all the traps on the parkway—"

And then his voice trailed, as they both heard the whine of an engine in the darkness behind. Motorcycle police do not use their sirens in wartime; in the quiet, the sound of a one-man pursuit was no less definite. Anne smiled in the dark. Without knowing why, she felt a certain pleasure as she noted Derry's quick frown. . . .

"Apparently that was one you missed."

"Any bets I drop him?"

But Derry gave up the race after a while. The law was abreast of them now. A rangy young Mercury with a steely eye, who pushed back his cap as Derry drew up on the shoulder of the road.

"A fine waste of gas and rubber—"

"Never mind the sermon," said Derry. "How much do I owe you?"

The traffic officer was already writing a ticket by the blue glow of his wartime headlight. "It'll save time if you just give me your name—"

"Don't you know who I am?"

"No one can do forty and pass me," said young Mercury. "Not even senators." He ripped the ticket from his book. "Summons on two counts: driving with full headlights, and doing seventy."

"I was doing eighty-five, just before you caught up," said Derry.

The law cut in sharply. "And don't try sending a Western Union boy with your fine. That's contempt of court—"

Derry turned easily to Anne. "Take his shield number, my dear."

The traffic officer thrust his head through the car window. He should have been dog-faced and vulgarly pugnacious. Actually he was one of the handsomest young men that Anne had ever seen; his gray eyes blazed with honest anger.

"You needn't pretend the lady is your wife," he said, "or even your secretary. She looks too smart to take on either job."

Derry's voice was crisp but still controlled. "The Commissioner will hear about you tomorrow, my friend."

"One more crack about the higher-ups," said young Mercury, "and I'll be asking for your registration card. . . . If you must know, the Commissioner and I are like brothers. Anyhow, I'm leaving for Camp Upton this Friday, so you can do your worst—"

The parkway was very quiet after he had roared away.

"STOP me if I'm wrong," said Derry, "but have I just been snubbed?" He spoke with perfect composure. The born patrician, chuckling on his mountaintop at the absurd virtue of the peasantry. . . .

"Do you mind?" asked Anne.

"Not in the least. I still forget that speeding is *verboten.*"

But she observed that he drove at a legal thirty-five down the clover leaf to Flushing and down the street where Lucy's neat house nestled in its silver birches.

"Shall I call for you here tomorrow, or in town?"

"Perhaps I'd best phone you, Derry—"

"Just as you say."

Anne felt oddly tranced when she stepped out of the car. Her sister's door seemed misty miles away, in fact. But her voice was quite steady as she turned back to Derry. . . .

"Thanks for the evening. You *are* a miracle, you know—"

Her eyes dared him to answer that one, but for once he was silent. Now she was free of him, for a while at least, walking up the flagged path toward the night light that Lucy had thoughtfully left burning. He would sit under his wheel, like a perfect escort, until she could gain the sanctuary of her home. *But of course this neat house among the birches was no more than a haven. A place where*

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1. Postage stamp.

2. ". . . to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." (Hamlet.)

3. Ethician.

4. Author of See Here, Private Hargrove.

5. Westbrook Pegler, H. I. Phillips, Eleanor Roosevelt.

6. Vox Populi (Latin for Voice of the People).

7. Gregorian.

8. California, Cornell, Southern Methodist, Notre Dame.

9. El Paso, New Orleans, Dallas.

10. Pan, cute dish, bowl 'em over, throw in the towel.

11. Jones, James, Maggie.

12. Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

13. Print dress; print butter; fingerprint.

14. Rumpelstiltskin, in the fairy tale of the same name.

15. Derby.

16. Persiflage.

17. Three years. Streamlining process recently lopped off a full year.

18. "Our sea," so called optimistically by Mussolini, referring to the Mediterranean.

19. Hitler, talking about the Russian campaign over a year ago.

20. Mercury. Haegg is the Swedish track star who has been compiling incredible records.

she might lock her loneliness in a bed-sitting room, with three detective novels and a radio. Today she had packed her real home in straw and burlap and loaded it neatly on a moving van. Home is where the heart is, and her heart was in limbo tonight. . . .

She heard Derry turn over his motor at last, as she opened the screen door on the veranda. She was still looking in her purse for a key when the figure rose up from the porch swing. A uniformed figure, tall and square-shouldered. For one crazy second she knew it must be young Mercury from the motorcycle. . . . Then the man stepped into the light, and she saw it was Tom.

"I told Lucy I'd sit up for you," he said. "Sorry to be melodramatic, but I was waiting for Derry to go."

He was already moving toward her. She murmured sharply, "Don't kiss me unless—"

"Unless what, darling?"

"Unless it's real."

But he had answered that much already, quite without words.

SUDDENLY she remembered how angry she was, and broke out of his arms.

"How dare you come back like this, without even writing?"

"Did Derry explain that this will be my last leave before I sail?"

"Why must I hear it from him? Why couldn't *you*—"

Tom spoke slowly: "I—planned it like that, Anne. Did he show you my letter, too?"

"Naturally."

"I'm afraid that was part of the plan, too. I mailed that letter so he'd get it the day you moved out of the apartment. If you could live that down, I knew you'd survive anything—"

And then Tom Harper walked out a little into the starlight, and she saw the glitter of a gold bar at his shoulder. He turned in time to catch her glance, and smiled. "I was waiting for you to notice my rank," he said. "For the past three months I've been working for that lieutenant's bar at an O. T. S. in Louisiana. That's another reason I wrote only postcards. I wanted to surprise you—"

His eyes were far away now. When he spoke again, his voice had a dry edge, as though he were quoting a speech already well rehearsed:

"Who cares if I'm a private or a general—if I'm fitted for the job? It isn't even important if I do that job here or in Tasmania, if I'm where they need me most. . . . Do I sound too much like an editorial?"

"You made your point," said Anne. "They gave you that bar because you earned it—"

"With no help from Derry—"

"With no help from any one. Must I add that I'm proud of you?"

But Tom continued, quite as though he had not heard. "We've been six months apart. Time enough for you to dissect our marriage to date. Could it stand improvement?"

"It's perfect now," said Anne. "If you'll only stop being a philosopher—"

"No marriage is perfect," said Tom gravely. "Though I will admit that ours was above average, until we hit this crisis."

He towered above her now, a bit larger than life in the starlight. "This is our first chance to be soldiers together. To do a job of work quite outside ourselves. If we succeed, we'll be united as never before. Even if we're five thousand miles apart when the job is over—"

"Go on," said Anne, in a voice that was not quite hers.

"I had to shut up for six months. I had to risk losing you to Derry, or some one worse. . . . Because I knew it'd take some one like Derry to drive home my point for me—"

Tom snapped to attention on that, and made Anne a curiously formal bow. "Until he does, I'll have to wait. Need I say that you'll be worth waiting for—even if I must go through a war to find you again?"

Anne stared at him in the dark. *Why did he still bear that insane resemblance to the young traffic cop on a motorcycle?* And then she grasped the point that Tom had hidden so patiently in his heart. She saw that her husband and young Mercury were different only on the surface. Both of them were the future. Owing no debt to a dead past, going out to war without illusion, they were both sure of victory, and quite immortal.

And now she saw why Derry had avoided the traffic cop's eyes when he had taken that ticket. Why he had tossed off his lawbreaking with a joke. People like Derry would always joke about the law—and the future. Because such people were fed by the past alone—and therefore helpless in a changing world, dead inside, really, for all their surface laughter. . . . Why, she could even afford to be *sorry* for Jim Derring now, as her husband took a quick step toward her. . . .

But Tom did not touch her. Instead, he stood with Lucy's frayed porch rug between them. Quite as though it were a Pacific—or perhaps an Atlantic—between them in the dark.

"I can't be a romantic hero, Anne; this isn't a romantic war. Neither of us has the right to complain about that. We had our romance young. Now the bill is overdue. I hoped you'd settle for your share. If not, I'll pay up for us both."

He turned to the veranda door on that; and Anne let out her breath in a soundless sigh, while he walked slowly down the flagged path in the starlight, his shoulders squared. . . . She had to run a little to catch up with him on the road. After that, they walked on together hand in hand—as soldiers will the world over when they are out with their girls. There was no further need for words. The peace between them now was deeper than any she had ever known.

THE END

I GOT TICKETS ON THE 50 YD. LINE!
YEAH-AND I GOT SOMETHING EVEN BETTER!
EARLY TIMES
EARLY TIMES
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
ONE QUART

You'll Have Better Times with

EARLY TIMES

It's Naturally Mild

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

90 PROOF

EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO. • FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

A Division of BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORP. • LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

THIS MAN'S

U. S. COAST GUARD OFFICIAL PHOTO

Here's a trained dog of war in the Coast Guard, on duty at a lonely Atlantic outpost.

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

EVERY time we get papers from the States we see lots of news about American soldiers in Australia, Iceland, Egypt, England—almost everywhere but India. Why don't the boys in India get the credit they deserve? We were among the first to come across and were in Australia before we got here. At least the men in England, Ireland, Australia, etc., are where people speak English and there are girls to talk to. But what about the men in places where they can't find suitable company because of the difference in language? I'd venture to say that half the fellows here haven't spoken to a white girl since we left Australia, and that was a long time ago.

We're not asking for much, Sarge, just a little recognition. It makes a man feel good to know he's not been forgotten. So long, Sarge, and don't forget the boys in India.

Pfc. Nick Lanson,
Somewhere-in-India.

You're not forgotten, soldier, and you won't be. We're getting lots of news from your neck of the woods, though you may not have seen it. And now there'll be a lot more folks who'll know you're there.

* * *

Old Sarge, I have a hunch you're in my boat. I too am an old-timer, having done my feeble bit in World War I. Now I'm holding down a desk job. And I'm burning up. When recalled to service I passed my final type exam 100 per cent. Now they tell me I'm too old for foreign service. Forty-five isn't so old—now, is it, Sarge? We want a crack at the Japs and Germans just like the whippersnappers, don't we? I got just as much business at the front as they have. For goodness' sake, see what Liberty can do to get you and me a break—we earned it twenty-five years ago.

1st Lieut. D. B. O., Tuskegee, Ala.

Cheer up, old-timer, maybe we've got it. Back in August the Secretary of War raised the maximum enlistment age for "skilled men" to 50 and said, "If these men (45-50) are fit for combat they will be used for combat duty." That principle might apply to officers too. Huh?

* * *

I volunteered for the Army shortly after Pearl Harbor but was rejected because of poor vision. Then I was drafted and accepted as a noncombatant. Just what does that classification mean? Will I never see foreign service, will I never be in a combat zone? I'm willing to do anything and serve anywhere.

Pfc. D. C. S.,
Edgewood Arsenal, Md.

Don't you mean you were accepted for "limited service"? Technically, a noncombatant is a member of the Armed Forces whose military duties do not include active fighting, or a civilian who does not bear arms against invaders and hence may not be taken as a prisoner of war.

What you probably want to know is: will you be sent overseas. Well, you could be, and you would still be a noncombatant if you were not a member of a tactical unit. If you are a member of a service command, your organization may be scheduled to remain as a fixture at your present post; but it does not follow that individuals may not be assigned to duty wherever they are needed most.

The inhabitants of Stalingrad were noncombatants before their city was attacked, but they bore arms when the necessity arose and became active members of their Armed Forces. What would you have done? You may be a limited service man, but you are not exempt from serving in the field or theater of operations if the necessity arises.

* * *

I enlisted in the Army Air Corps as a flying cadet and requested immediate appointment. That was almost three months ago, and I was told I would not be on inactive status more than ninety days; but now the recruiting officer tells me it might be two months more before I am called. It happens that I have an opportunity to enlist in the Regular Army and await appointment, in which case it might come sooner. Which should I do to get the faster action?

W. D. P., Atlanta, Ga.

Well, I'd say a direct appointment as an Aviation Cadet is far preferable to any tentative "deal." Air Corps Reservists are being called up just as fast as training facilities permit and orders can be published. You're not being overlooked, but you must be patient.

* * *

To settle a heated argument, will you tell us whether or not the rank of *Third* Lieutenant is officially recognized by the United States Army?

Cpl. H. B.,
Sheppard Field, Tex.

There is no such rank in our Army but there is in the Philippine Army, and I understand there's an Annapolis graduate who actually holds such a rank and is serving with the United States Army, assigned to duty with the 1st Filipino Battalion, and drawing pay from the Department of Interior instead of the War Department. How's that one, Ripley?

* * *

A corporal in my outfit applied for an allotment under the recent act. He had been married and divorced and, by court order, was paying $30 a month to his ex-wife, by whom he had one child. He has one child by his present wife. The problem is: How much will be deducted from his pay, how much will the government chip in, and how much will each of the four dependents get?

M/Sgt. J. D. W.,
Camp Gordon, Ga.

That's one for Solomon—and heaven help the Finance Officer who has to pass on the legality of those claims. All I know is that a divorced wife entitled to alimony must be included in pay deductions. But the present wife must also benefit to the tune of $22 monthly from the soldier's pay.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

THE SAINT STEPS IN

Continued from Page 15

"Hullo, Madeline darling," drawled Simon. "I was afraid I'd missed you."

Her face looked pale in the gloom.

The man on her left said: "Better stay out of this, bud, if you don't want to get into trouble."

He was tall and big-boned, and his voice was a deep hollow rasp. He looked like a man who could provide trouble or cope with it. The man on the other side had much the same air. He weighed maybe a little more, but he was inches shorter, and chunky.

"I like trouble," Simon said breezily. "What kind have you got?"

"F. B. I.," said the tall man flatly. "This girl's under arrest."

"What for?"

"Beat it," growled the chunky one, "or we might think of taking you too."

Simon stood still and considered for a moment. "If you'll show me your credentials," he said sweetly, "I'd like to be taken along."

He was ready for the swing that the tall man launched at him, and he swayed back just the essential six inches and let the wind of it fan his chin. Then he shifted his weight forward again and stepped in with his right forearm pistoning at waist level. The jar of the contact ran all the way up to his shoulder. The tall man grunted and leaned over from the middle, and the Saint's left ripped up in a short smash to the jaw that would have dropped the average citizen in his tracks.

The tall man was somewhat tougher than average. He went pedaling back in a slightly ludicrous race with his own center of gravity, but he still had nothing but his feet on the ground when a large part of his companion's weight descended on the Saint's neck and shoulders.

SIMON'S eyes blurred for an instant in a pyrotechnic burst of lights, and his knees began to bend; then he got his hands locked behind the chunky man's head, and let his knees sag even lower before he heaved up again. The chunky man came somersaulting over his shoulder and hit the ground with a thud that a deaf man could have felt several feet away. He rolled over in a wild flurry and wound his arms around the Saint's shins, binding Simon's legs together from ankle to knee.

In a clutch like that, Simon knew that he had no more chance of staying upright than an inverted pyramid. He tried to come down as vertically as possible, so as to stay on top of the chunky man, trying to land on him with his weight on his knees and aiming a downward left at him at the same time.

Neither of those schemes connected. Simon afterward had a dim impression of swiftly running feet, of Madeline crying out something incoherent; then a considerable weight hit him in the middle and sent him spinning.

Half winded, he grappled blindly for a hold while the man who had tackled him swarmed over him with the same intention.

The Saint had had very little leisure for thinking, and so it was a moment or two before he realized that this was not the comeback of the tall bony partner. This man's outlines and architecture were different again. And then, even before Simon could puzzle any more about it, the girl was clawing at his antagonist, beating ineffectually on his broad back with her fists; but it was enough of an interruption to nullify the Saint's temporary disadvantage, and he got first a knee into the man's stomach, and then one foot in what was more a shove than a kick, and then he was free and up again and looking swiftly around to see who had to be next.

HE was just in time to catch a glimpse of the chunky man's rear elevation as it fell into the parked car a few yards away. The tall bony one had already disappeared, and presumably he was at the wheel, for the engine roared up even before the door slammed, and the car leaped away with a grind of spinning tires that would have made any normal wartime motorist wince. It screamed out of the alley as Simon turned again to look for the third member of the opposition.

The third member was holding one hand over his diaphragm and making little jerky bows over it, and saying in a painful and rather puzzled voice: "You're Miss Gray, aren't you?"

As Simon stepped toward him he said: "Damn, I'm sorry. I must have picked the wrong side. I was just driving by—"

"You've got a car?" Simon snapped.

"Yes. I just got out—"

Simon caught the girl's hand and raced to the street. There was a convertible parked just beyond the alley, but it was headed in the opposite direction from the way the escaping car had turned. And the other car itself was already out of sight.

The Saint shrugged and searched for a consoling cigarette.

"I'm really terribly sorry." The other man came up with them, still holding his stomach and trying to straighten himself. "I just saw the fight going on, and it looked as if some one was in trouble, and naturally I thought the man on the ground was the victim. Until Miss Gray started beating me. I'm afraid I helped them get away."

"You know each other, do you?" said the Saint.

Madeline Gray was staring at the man puzzledly.

"I've seen you somewhere, but I don't remember—"

"Walter Devan," said the man. "It was in Mr. Quennel's office. You were with your father."

Simon put a match to his cigarette. With the help of that better light, he shared with her a better view of the man's face. It was square-jawed and powerful, with the craggy leathery look of a prizefighter.

"Oh, yes!" She turned to the Saint.

COOL Shaves
For Facial Harmony!

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM
INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK N.Y.
R-

Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers

A SYMPHONY of smoothness—a jam session for speed—that's an Ingram's shave!

Ingram's billowy lather does such a thorough job, even bristly beards are easy for your humming blade. Ingram's is COOL and refreshing. It soothes your face and helps condition your skin for shaving.

Yes, and an Ingram's shave has a lingering effect on your grateful epidermis. That soothed, refreshed feeling lasts and lasts. Get Ingram's—in jar or tube—today.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Product of Bristol-Myers

INGRAM'S
shaving cream

"Mr. Devan, this is Mr. Templar."

Simon put out his hand.

"That's quite a flying tackle you have," he said.

"It should be—I played professional football when I was a lot younger." Devan grinned. "You're a pretty good kicker yourself."

"We are a lot of wasted talent," said the Saint.

"Perhaps it's all for the best," Devan said. "Anyway, we got rid of those hoodlums, and some of them can be very ugly. There've been a lot of holdups and housebreakings around here. They hide in the park and come out after dark."

Simon thought of mentioning that these particular hoodlums had had a car, but decided that for the moment the point wasn't worth making. Before the girl could make any comment, he said: "Maybe you wouldn't mind giving us a lift out of the danger zone, Mr. Devan."

"Be glad to. Anywhere."

They got in, Madeline Gray in the middle, and Simon looked at her as Devan pressed the starter, and said: "I really think we ought to go back to the Mayflower and have another drink."

"But I've still got to see Mr. Imberline."

"Mr. Imberline is out of town, darling. I was there first. I missed you on the way. Then I started back to look for you."

"But I had an appointment."

"You mean Frank Imberline?" Devan put in.

She said: "Yes."

"Mr. Templar's right. He is out of town. I happen to know that, because Mr. Quennel's waiting to see him himself."

"How did you get this appointment?" Simon asked the girl.

"I'd been trying to see him at his office," she said, "but I hadn't gotten anywhere. I'd left my name and address, and they were supposed to get in touch with me. Then I got a phone call this afternoon to go to his house."

"Some one was pulling your leg," said the Saint quietly.

She looked at him with wide startled eyes.

SIMON'S arm lay along the back of the seat behind her. His left hand moved on to her shoulder with a firm significant pressure. Until he knew much more about everything now, he was in no hurry to talk before any strangers.

But Devan seemed quite unconscious of any suppression. He said conversationally: "By the way, Miss Gray, how is your father getting on with his invention?"

"The invention is fine," she said frankly, "but we're still trying to put it over."

Devan shook his head sympathetically.

"These things take a lot of time. Imberline may be able to help you," he said. "It's too bad we couldn't do anything about it." He turned toward Simon and added in explanation: "Mr. Gray has a very promising angle on the synthetic rubber problem, Mr. Templar. He brought it to Mr. Quennel, but unfortunately it wasn't in our line."

"I don't see where this will end: neither of us dares go more than thirty-five miles an hour."

"I suppose I should know," said the Saint, "but what is our line?"

"Quennel Chemical Corporation. Quenco Products. You've probably seen the name somewhere."

Simon had. When he had first heard the name it had sounded familiar, but he hadn't been able to place it.

"What do you think of Mr. Gray's formula?" he asked Devan.

"I'm afraid I'm not a chemist. I'm just the personnel manager. It sounds very hopeful. But we've already got an enormous contract with the government for buna, and we've already invested more than two million dollars in a plant that's being built now, so our hands were tied. That's probably our bad luck."

THE Saint finished his cigarette in silence, with thoughtful leisuredness. There was, after all, some justice in the world. That violent and accidental meeting had its own unexpected compensation for the loss of two probably unimportant muscle men. If he still needed it, he had the clinching confirmation that the story which had sounded so preposterous was true— that after all Madeline Gray was not just a silly sensation hunter and celebrity nuisance, but that the invention of Calvin Gray might indeed be one of those rare fuses from which could explode a fiesta of fun and games of the real original vintage that he loved.

He felt a little foolish now for some of his facile incredulity; and yet, glancing again at the profile of the girl beside him, he couldn't feel very deeply sorry. It was worth much more than a little transient egotism for her to be real. . . .

They were at the Mayflower, and Walter Devan said: "I hope I'll see you again."

"I'm staying here," said the Saint.

"So am I," said the girl.

The Saint looked at her and began to raise a quizzical eyebrow at himself, and she laughed and said: "I suppose I'd do better if I could act more like a starving inventor's daughter, but the trouble is we just aren't starving yet."

"Let me know if I can help," said Devan. "I might be able to do something for you. I'm at the Raleigh."

In the lobby, Simon took the girl's arm. She had started to walk toward the bar, but he turned her toward the elevators.

"Let's go to my apartment," he said. "Funny things happen in bars."

He felt her eyes switch to him quickly, but his face was as impersonal as the way he had spoken. She stepped into the elevator without speaking, and was silent until they were in his living room.

AT a time when a closet and a blanket could be rented in Washington as a fairly luxurious bedroom, it was still only natural that Simon Templar should have achieved a commodious suite all to himself. He had a profound appreciation of the more expensive refinements of living when he could get them, and he had ways of getting them that would have been quite incomprehensible to less enterprising men. He took off his coat and went to a side table to pour whisky into two tall glasses, and added ice cubes from a thermos bucket.

"Now," she said, "will you tell me exactly what you mean by funny things happening in bars?"

He gave her one of the drinks he had mixed, and then with his freed hand he showed her the note he had found in his pocket.

"I found it just after you'd left," he explained. "That's why I went after you. I'm sorry. I take it all back. I was stupid enough to think you were stupid. I've tried to make up for it a little. Now can we start again?"

She smiled at him with a straightforward friendliness that he should have been able to expect. Yet it was still good to see it.

"Of course," she said. "Will you really help me with Imberline?"

He gazed at her soberly. She was not stupid in the way he had thought, but it appeared that there were certain of the facts of life that had not yet completely entered her awareness.

"Of course I will," he said kindly. "But that won't be before the weekend."

"That isn't so long to wait."

The Saint ran a hand through his dark hair. The piratical chiseling of his face looked suddenly quite old in a sardonic and careless way.

"I know, darling," he said. "That isn't the problem. The thing that's going to keep me busy is trying to make sure that you and your father are allowed to live that long."

Who is so determined that Madeline Gray shall not see Mr. Imberline? Are Nazi agents at work? Is the Saint right in supposing that the lives of Madeline and her father are in danger? Strange happenings crowd the coming chapter. Read it in Liberty next week.

Animal trainer, trapeze performer, contortionist, Esmé Davis Matz now conducts a highly successful perfumery business.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

THE big cats love perfume behind a lady's ears, but don't let any leopards or tigers nuzzle your neck. Your throat pulse might tempt them to take a bite. It's been known to happen. . . . This odd mixture of circus and perfume lore came my way through a talk with Esmé Davis Matz, career woman extraordinary, who now operates her successful perfumery business, *Esmé of Paris,* after touring the world with nineteen different circuses as animal trainer, trapeze performer, contortionist. Among other shows, she worked with Ringling's and Hagenbeck's. Her grandma was a snake charmer, her mother an opera singer, her husband an acrobat. On the roof outside her New York penthouse Esmé still practices upon a high trapeze, to the delight of neighbors, especially men, for she is a striking Irish-Spanish brunette with blue eyes and *what* a figure! Born here, she acquired her knowledge of perfumes as a hobby while on the road playing to audiences from London to Moscow, South Africa to South America. She's been everywhere. Fascist police in Rome called her painted legs shocking; made her wear baggy tights of awful Italian pink. . . . Knowing Russia well, she seized an opportunity to buy the formulas of the late czarist court perfumer who originated *Imperial Violets, Jersey Lily,* etc. Esmé reproduced these in Paris until the Germans invaded, when she moved her business home to the United States. . . . "Fine perfumes," she tells us, "should be applied sparingly but with imagination. The dancers of Spain put perfume on their ruffled skirts so it will waft as they whirl. Oriental dancers perfume their knees. Effective places to touch with perfume are your wrists and under your chin." . . . I asked what kind of perfume she sells most for service men to give their girls. "My *May Morning,*" she said, "because it's light and youthful. For some reason army sergeants seem to like it particularly." . . . Active in the AWVS Motor Corps, Esmé does her own war work, inappropriately enough, along one of New York's smelliest waterfront slums.

PLATITUDES are worth more than wisecracks when courage is needed. Lord Woolton, British Food Minister, has accomplished wonders at turning England into a land of bumper crops for victory harvesting. Before the war I did some work in connection with a smart London department store he owned and managed. I remember his words to new employees. He used to say, "You never know what you can do till you try. People are like gardens—you have to experiment."

FEMININE facts from the home front: . . . An airplane plant reports increased efficiency among women workers within a week after installing a beauty shop right there on the job. . . . Furniture lacquered in solid colors promises to be a war fashion, due to the tie-up of wood veneers. . . . Ribbed felt is the new war-economy material for hats and handbags; keeps its shape better and wears longer. . . . Longer-lasting lipsticks, also for war saving, are on the market at twenty-five cents in new military shades called *commando red, signal red, regiment red.*

"THERE ought to be medals for dames like her." At an army affair I heard the above remark about a dignified lady, wife of a colonel, and of course I couldn't rest until I had nosed out its meaning. Here's the story:

He is a brilliant officer but an incorrigible flirt. She doesn't divorce him, even sacrificing pride to the point of being nice to his sweeties—for the good of the service. I am glad to say she is not undefended. Her army friends, male and female, give those sweeties a sour time.

ALICE TISDALE HOBART'S new novel, The Cup and the Sword, tells about California winegrowing in lively fiction form. (Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.) Good reading.

WINE helps make this *Baked Steak San Diego* a succulent delicacy, though the meat used is low-budget beef. . . . Have 2 pounds top-round steak cut 1½ inches thick. Rub with kernel of garlic, then marinate 2 hours in ½ cup California red wine. Wipe dry and sprinkle with salt, pepper, and oil.

Place in shallow baking pan. Cover with thinly sliced onion topped by 3 slices lemon. Pour on ½ cup canned mushroom soup and the wine left from marinating. Garnish with 1 tablespoon fresh bread crumbs and a few dots butter. Bake 50 minutes in slow oven. Serve with baked potatoes. Slit each potato open and insert 1 teaspoon butter creamed with salt, paprika, and a dash of sherry wine.

IF you think *you* are cautious about catching cold, just look what I've learned from a Canadian engineer's wife who has been keeping house in tropical Trinidad. "For fear they'll catch cold," she says, "native mammies down there always put on a hat when they open the door of the refrigerator. They are so timid of changing temperatures that they refuse to wash and iron on the same day."

Vox Pop

"Voice of the People"

ADMIT PRISONERS TO THE ARMED FORCES?

BRAZORIA, TEX.—I am appealing to the public from behind prison bars.

The losers now confined in prison fully realize the needs of our nation and in reality they would gladly sacrifice their lives to keep the lights of democracy burning. Many youngsters still in their teens fight for freedom. Could that be right when the prisons all over the nation are crowded with men spoiling to do the fighting for them?

Men are less likely to return to crime if they can return home as equals and not as ex-convicts. One of the hardest terms of a prison sentence is having to face friends and suffer their narrow opinions. Let the men crammed into the prisons all over the nation go to defend our country and come marching home to victory.—*T. L., #90047.*

NEWARK, N. J.—Those who are rooting for prisoners in the army should remember that army men have reasons for looking before they leap.—*T. Jones.*

INFLATION REARS ITS UGLY HEAD

FORT BLISS, TEX.—We all know that Terry Moore (October 3 Liberty) is a grand ballplayer and deserving of all the praise you can heap on him, but $400 an hour seems to me to be an awfully high figure. Babe Ruth at the very height of his career didn't get that kind of money for his chores.

The average ball game lasts about two hours. At $400 an hour, that would amount to $123,200 for the season of 154 games. Come, come, gentlemen!—*Cpl. John F. O'Connor.*

WELL, GOSH—ASK *THEM*—DON'T ASK US

RUSSELLVILLE, ARK.—Why do some folks say "head over heels" when it's quite plain that they mean just the opposite? —*J. W. H.*

MARINE SAYS "RAH" FOR ANOTHER MARINE

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Mr. Joe Henderson (July 19, 1941, Vox Pop) said it got his goat, the way young Mr. Roosevelt was gadding all over the world showin' off his two bars. Well, Joe, what do you think of Major Roosevelt now?

We of the Marine Corps think Major Roosevelt is as fine an officer as is possible to have. He certainly doesn't lack guts, as proved in our raid on Makin Island recently.

What say now, Joe? I believe the major deserves your regrets for such a remark as you made.—*Sergeant, U. S. M. C.*

THEY'RE DOING A SWELL JOB, TOO

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I say, hats off to our defense workers in their sixties. My dad at sixty-nine—one of many far from ready for the shelf—is doing his share. I'm sure there are many others who are capable and wanted. So I say, pitch in, you youngsters in your sixties.—*M. L.*

LOOKS BAD FOR NORTH, WEST, AND EAST

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—You gals from other sections of the country had better start carving out careers for yourselves, because the boys in the army have been traveling quite a bit and they all agree that when the war is over they intend to make a beeline for Dixie and grab the cream of the female crop. Looks as though you'll have to concentrate on the navy and the marines—unless they've heard about us too!—*Luscious Lola.*

AGREE WITH BILLY MITCHELL'S IDEAS

BERKELEY, CALIF.—What Billy Mitchell Really Said (October 3 Liberty) was certainly interesting and should make all of us sit up and take notice.—*George A. Brown.*

SIGOURNEY, IA.—I think it is amazing and a little uncanny that any one could have as keen a perspective of the future as Billy Mitchell had.

I just hope some of his ideas can be put into effect now before it is too late!—*Marie Hart.*

HOLLYWOOD, FLA.—Billy Mitchell story fine and timely.—*O. T. Frash.*

LET'S MAKE UP FOR IT *NOW*

GULFPORT, MISS.—We are all conscious of the large scrap drives for steel being put on all over the country and the critical shortage of steel that threatens in the near future. It's too late to cry over spilled milk, but it looks as though we were appeasing the Japs with the scrap which we so sorely need at this time. It seems as though we furnished them with the ships, guns, and ammunition which they are using against us now.

I believe we should keep this in mind in order to prevent another almost fatal error of this kind from ever happening again.—*Lewis Williams.*

YOU LOOK MIGHTY PURTY, EDITH

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.—Well, well! So Cecil Brown (October 3 Vox Pop) doesn't have a long gray beard! Do you suppose he ever did have the thrill of driving a one-cylinder Brush? Maybe he'd like a picture of *me* all dressed up, except for goggles, ready to go for a spin in *my* single-cylinder, chain-drive, crank-on-the-side 1907 Reo. —*Edith Rowland.*

P.S. We have fine subways here to save *our* tires.

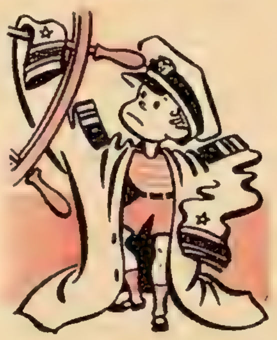
THERE'S MORE COMING

MIAMI, FLA.—Cheers for Liberty! Paul Hunter's The U. S. A. is Ours editorial (October 3) rings the bell, plumps the bull's-eye, and is as inspired a bit of writing as Holy Writ.—*Ashleigh C. Halliwell.*

WE'LL HAVE TO THINK THIS ONE OVER

SPOKANE, WASH.—I would like to suggest a new rule in the English language: That whenever the words japan, japanese, or japs are written, they be started with small letters. It is another way to remember Pearl Harbor.—*Emerson E. Marfield.*

WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS HE'S A PRODIGY



WASHINGTON, D. C.—Lieutenant Commander Barrow, in Liberty's Short Short for October 3, not only stopped the Jap fleet practically singlehanded, but must have accomplished previous superman feats, or how else rank lieutenant commander at the ripe old age of twenty-two? Or is my addition bad?—*Mrs. J. T. B., Jr.*

FINE! IT'S A GOOD SUGGESTION

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Don't you think it would be a good idea for some enterprising producer to bring to the screen the life story of Weber and Fields?—*Fred Morganthau.*

THE GIRL BACK HOME WON'T LIKE THIS

PEARL HARBOR, T. H.—On page 33 of September 12 Liberty I found a very pretty girl! I wonder if you would please tell me who she is and a few statistics about her. An introduction wouldn't be so bad either, as I fell for her the minute I saw the picture.—*R. B., U. S. Navy.*

ELECTION SPEECH

CAMAS, WASH.—You congressmen can't kiss the baby of a woman whose husband has been killed at Pearl Harbor and expect her to rush out and vote for you. It's up to you to give us the leadership we need.—*Gertrude Fisher Millard.*

SAY, THAT'S AN IMPRESSIVE LIST

CHICAGO, ILL.—Read about the two autographed tablecloths in July 25 Liberty and September 26 Vox Pop, and I wouldn't trade my autographed spread for both of them. I started the spread in 1921, and every name is authentic. Each one is embroidered with black thread. Here are a few:

Woodrow Wilson and wife, Warren Harding and wife, Herbert Hoover and wife, Enrico Caruso, Marie Dressler, David Lloyd George, Sir Harry Lauder, Houdini, Sir Thomas Lipton, Richard E. Byrd, J. Edgar Hoover, Helen Keller, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Clarence Darrow, Bob Ripley, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Babe Ruth, Mae West, Sally Rand, Robert Taylor, and over a hundred more.—*Mrs. Emma Doctor.*

WE SHOULD'VE SENT A FEW POSIES

FORT PIERCE, FLA.—Here is the second and final chapter to the September 26 Liberty cover—and I didn't write it from imagination, either.

I'm full of bruises and cuts and scars.
I rode my bike without holding the bars—
A foolish thing, I will now admit,
For in no ease do I stand or sit.

Suddenly, at the top of a hill,
All without warning, I had a spill.
In less than a second I did meet
Cycle and grit and hard concrete.
—*Nellie Wood.*

WANTS SCRAP FROM SLOT MACHINES

UPPER DARBY, PA.—Now I think that it's my turn to kick. If the government wants scrap metal so badly, why doesn't it make the states enforce their laws? Most of the states have laws prohibiting the use of gambling machines, and yet I can name several establishments within a mile of my home that make more money from the use of slot machines than from the regular trade. The state governments can confiscate these machines. Why don't they?—*Dorothy Moore.*

SMOKING LESS—or SMOKING *MORE**?

*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!

You're SAFER smoking
PHILIP MORRIS!

Scientifically proved less irritating for the nose and throat

WHY don't *you* change to PHILIP MORRIS?

Eminent doctors report* their findings—that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

That *proves* PHILIP MORRIS are far less irritating to the nose and throat. By *tests on actual smokers* —*not* laboratory "analysis"!

Here's a finer cigarette—better-tasting—more enjoyable. Try it!

PHILIP MORRIS & Co. INC.
ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS
PHILIP MORRIS
MADE IN U.S.A.
20

NOTE: *We do not claim any curative power for* PHILIP MORRIS. *But this evidence proves they're better for your nose and throat!*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

CARIBBEAN PATROL

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

BUT there was no need for action. The submarine lay on the surface with a tipsy list to starboard, and men poured from her conning tower and her escape hatch. They piled out and fell into the water, tumbling over each other. Some lay still in the water and floated in their life belts. Others began to swim blindly in all directions. An officer in a commander's uniform tumbled out. He was clawing at his eyes with one hand. In the other he carried a briefcase which he flung into the sea. It sank at once.

The American officers aboard recognized this gesture. This was the lead-weighted portfolio containing codes and secret orders. The Germans were abandoning ship. Johnny's depth charges had shattered the sub's hull.

The Lassiter's boats went overside and picked up twenty-one survivors, among them the commander. Most of the men were suffering from chemical burns and the effects of chlorine gas.

The injured sub continued to wallow in the waves. Barton eyed her through glasses. Obviously she would have to be sunk; she might stay afloat for days, a menace to navigation.

Barton said tonelessly, "Please accept my apologies, Standish."

Johnny said, "Certainly, sir."

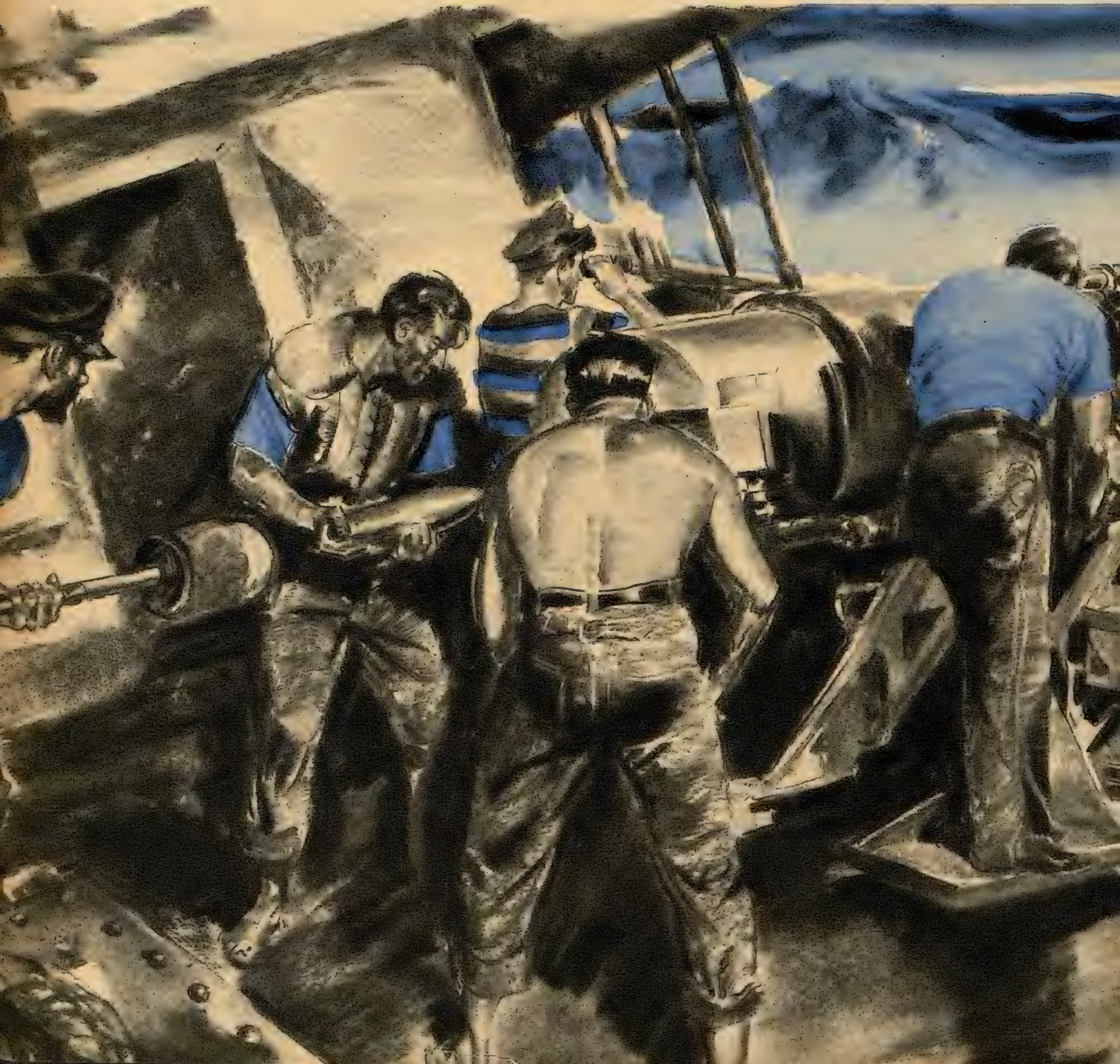
Barton walked to the rail where the survivors were being brought inboard. The German commander was a youthful blond whose eyes were a weeping red wound from the chlorine, his face twisted and contorted from pain. Barton ordered him taken below. Then he ordered the Lassiter brought slowly alongside the wallowing sub.

Johnny stood by the rail beside his commander. He said, "You're going to shell her, aren't you, sir?"

Barton said, "You're in command, Mr. Standish. I'm going aboard her. Have a gas mask brought to me."

The quartermaster jumped below to get the mask, and Johnny said, "You're nuts, Walt! She'll do her last dive any minute."

Barton's voice was cold. He said,



Battle pennants fly, lovers meet at sea, and a tramp tanker springs a big surprise on a Nazi submarine

BY JAMES EDWARD GRANT

"Order cast lines from both winches run out and put the starboard whaleboat overside."

Johnny said, "But—" and looked into Barton's eyes and said, "Yes, sir."

Ten barrels of oil were dumped overside to calm the waves, and lines were run out from the Lassiter's winches and made fast to the submarine. These lines were merely to help minutely in steadying the sub's roll. Should she plunge, there was no winch or dozen winches that would hold her. She weighed 800 tons, and would have ten times that weight of water inside her should she fill.

As he went overside in the whaleboat Barton said, "You're in command, Mr. Standish. If I do not return, you will continue to carry out the task mission. One last order. Under no circumstances is any one to come aboard after me, and at the first sign that the submersible is about to plunge you are to order the winch lines cast off. I don't want the winches snatched overboard. That's all."

He went away in the whaleboat, sitting in the stern sheets, with the gas mask slung on his chest. When the whaleboat came alongside the half-sunken sub, Barton scrambled aboard and stood knee-deep on the deck. He spoke to the petty officer in the whaleboat, and the whaleboat backed off a few lengths so it would not be caught in the suction.

Then Barton slipped on his gas mask and slid down into the gas- and water-filled interior of the sub. There was a murmur from the crew, and Johnny swore softly. It took a man to climb into that death-trap.

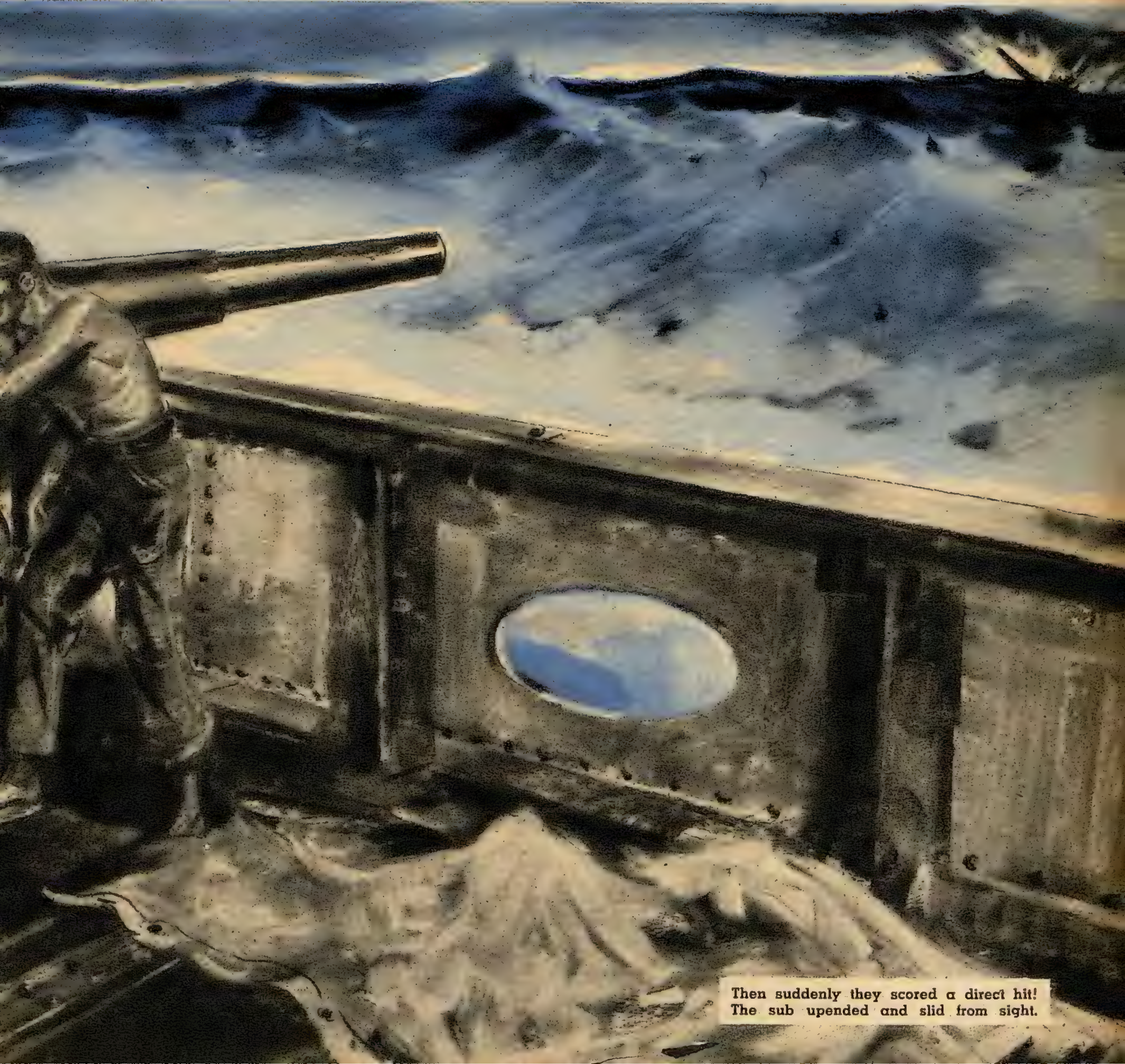
Ten minutes passed. Then Barton's gas-masked head appeared and he climbed out of the conning tower. He slipped off the mask, and a sudden full-throated cheer went up from the watching men.

Barton signaled the whaleboat closer and came back aboard the Lassiter.

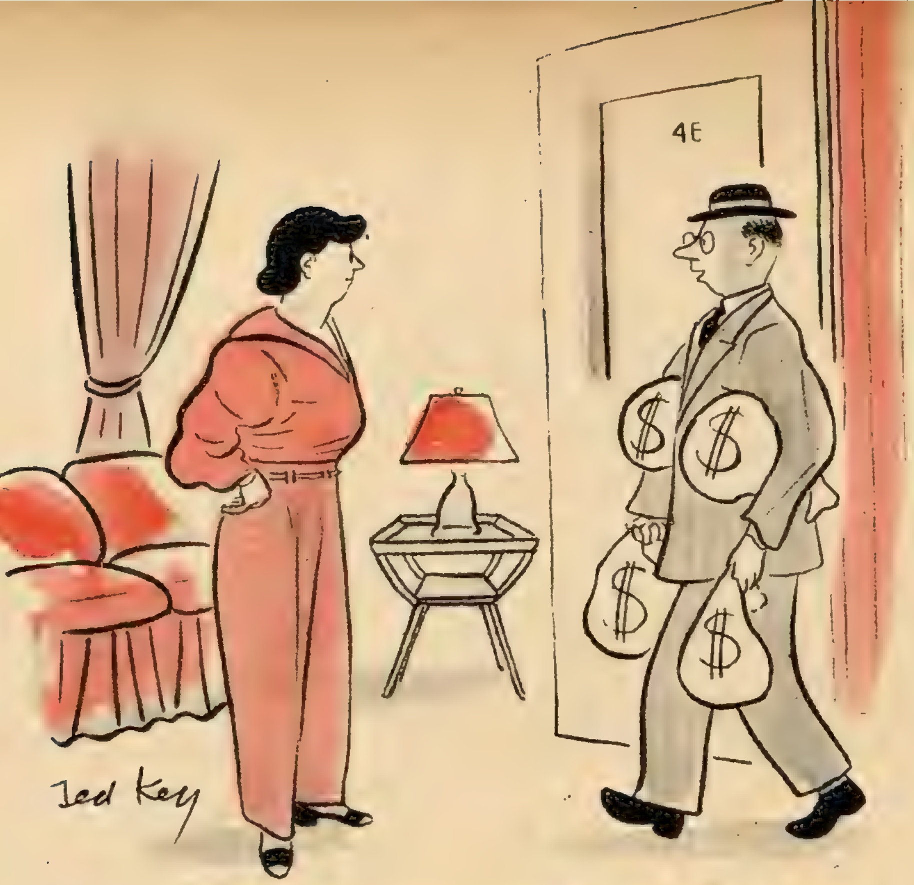
He told Johnny, "She's not making water too fast. We might keep her afloat."

They went to work. They rigged a makeshift pumping section from all the fire hose aboard and coupled it

BY CHARLES LA SALLE



Then suddenly they scored a direct hit! The sub upended and slid from sight.



"I made an error in auditing today. I had fifty thousand left over."

to the Lassiter's pumps. Then they ran the fire hose overboard, and Barton went again into the deathtrap to spot the hose ends. He placed a hose in each of the three central compartments, came on the submarine's deck again, and gave a signal. The Lassiter's pumps whirred as they siphoned water from the sub.

Two quartermasters at the wheel and a double shift in the boiler room did an unbelievable job. In that rolling seaway they managed to keep the Lassiter alongside the sub. The sub rose in the water as her in'ards were drained, and in three hours her walk deck rose level with the waves.

Walt Barton moved from his post on the bridge. "Take over," he said wearily. "Your ship again, Standish."

As he crossed the bridge toward the cabin companionway the crew grouped amidships watched him and suddenly broke out in a spontaneous cheer. Barton did not turn to look, but Johnny saw his tired mouth straighten.

Johnny said, "Me too! I'm proud to be second in command on this task."

Barton lifted his head and gave Johnny one level-eyed look. Hate was still in his eyes. He went below.

AT daybreak the P. B. Y. boat landed alongside them, and the submarine experts clambered out and went aboard the German sub. There was much clanking of metals and going back and forth from the sub to the Lassiter's machine shop. At noon two destroyers came up. One of them took the German sub in tow and drove away to the north. The prisoners were transshipped to the second destroyer.

Johnny and both ensigns were called below, where Barton and Admiral Carter sat in the chartroom. The admiral said: "As you men know, we've thought for a long time there must be a sub base near by. Now we know there is either a hidden base, or these pig boats are refueling, provisioning, and filling ammunition magazines at sea. This sub you've captured—and I may digress to say that you'll all hear more of that exploit—this sub hadn't another thirty hours' fuel and only enough provisions for three days. I know you're all on your toes at all times; but from now on get higher on them. Find me their method of refueling and I'll promise you boys seniority won't stand in the way of more stripes on your arm."

He went aboard the destroyer and steamed away. The Lassiter resumed her patrol, going north by day and retracing the course at night. Northbound traffic was the Nazi meat; they paid no heed to southbound ships. Loaded cargo carriers were what they were after. So the Lassiter did a lot of steaming but stayed in roughly the same place.

Barton dropped back into his cold formal manner with Johnny, and the crew quickly fell back into routine.

The weather turned dirty and made the lookout's job a misery. The Lassiter fought her last action on a dirty day—a day of rain squalls.

They had picked up the sound of a sub just after noon mess. But the visibility was extremely bad and the concealed lookouts had seen no periscope when, at two o'clock, the sub put a torpedo into them amidships.

Perhaps word of disguised sub-combat boats had gotten out. Or perhaps this was a particularly timid commander who would rather waste one of his few torpedoes on this simple prey than take the apparently small chance of coming to the surface to sink the tanker by shell fire.

The torpedo burst the port boiler and killed the entire port engine-room crew in a welter of scalding steam and flying metal. The aft companionway turned into a twisted tangle of metal, and from his post on the bridge Johnny looked down and saw his commanding officer slide to the floor of the companionway. It struck him, even in that instant, that this was a crew to be proud of. The boatswain had been blown to the floor of the covert, where he crouched out of sight of the enemy, his hand still on the whistle that would send the men to battle action.

In the same instant it struck Johnny that the boatswain who should have been staring intently at Walt Barton was instead staring at him. It hit him: he was in command!

He bounded down the steps to Barton, looked at the ugly gash a flying steel splinter had made in his throat, and turned him over to the pharmacist's mate, who felt his pulse and announced he was still alive.

Then Johnny knew a strange, detached feeling. He was in command. The responsibility was his. And the odd selfless feeling clung to him all through that afternoon-long bitter-fought action. His interest in the nearness of death, in the sudden bursting of near-by shells, became at once completely academic. It did not matter whether or not John Standish lived or died. What did matter was that he was in command of a naval force, and that force must be fought as a United States naval force has always been fought—with bravery and efficiency.

HE went on deck, leaving his force still concealed. There was no sight of the sub as yet. He stayed aloft long enough to note that the Lassiter was rapidly listing to starboard, and to order the pumps started.

Then he went below to pass the word that the crew was to stand by at battle stations until further orders. He had decided that he would stay with the ship and keep up the pretense of being a helpless tanker until the Caribbean closed over them or until the sub broached.

It was as trying a two hours as any body of men ever went through. There was nothing to do but wait.

Within an hour the pumps were holding the incoming water even. With a great simulation of panic, Johnny had put overside two lifeboats with four men in one and five in the other, and had them pull away from the "sinking" ship. Then he waited while his men pulled their boats due west, farther and farther from the Lassiter, giving the appearance of sadly frightened mariners leaving a doomed ship.

Two hours after the first torpedo the second struck on the port bow, just aft of the forecastle.

Johnny crouched in the companionway and felt the Lassiter begin to lower and list from the blow.

"You so-and-so," said Johnny to the faraway sub commander, "come up and fight!"

After another half hour the lookouts peering through their concealed peepholes reported that the sub had broached to starboard—but at four thousand yards! Johnny shook his head. Truly this was a cautious commander. Here was a sinking hulk, down by the bow and listing badly, and he broached almost two miles off.

He waited and his men waited with him. They waited while the sub slowly made a vast circle about the dying Lassiter. They waited while the sub surfaced, still at two miles, and waited until it had its gun crews on deck and its guns cleared. Johnny did not want this fish to get away without taking a punch; and he was willing to take another for the chance to give one.

The first shell shrilled overhead, and Johnny gave the signal. The men poured to stations and the battle pennant whipped up the listing mast.

The action was the kind that ribbons are awarded for. Those gun crews fought that sub from their listing gun platforms, with the waters rising steadily along the sides of the Lassiter. When the steam was gone they cranked their swivels by hand, and a line of men passed ammunition up the circular companionways alongside the useless elevators.

Then they scored a direct hit! The sub upended and slid from sight.

Johnny ordered cease firing.

Suddenly the silence seemed unbearable there on the sinking hulk. He looked down. His lower left leg was trouserless and his shinbone was split from knee to ankle. But there was no time to attend to it now. At the moment he was in command of a force.

He saw his lifeboats pulling back. They had turned at the first sound of the Lassiter's guns. The boats ran through the oily swath where the sub had gone down, but found no survivors and came back to the ship. Johnny ordered them to come aboard but to leave their boats on painters.

Then he called a muster of all hands. He had a host of casualties. There were nineteen sound men and nine wounded left out of the crew of fifty-eight. He sent the senior ensign, McLean, below to ascertain the damage while the pharmacist's mate directed the patching up of the wounded.

The news from below was bad. Both boilers had gone, and the engine-room crew had died down there in the welter of scalding steam and flying metal. All the forward bulkheading was gone. It was impossible to generate even enough electricity from the auxiliary gas engine to raise a spark in the radio room.

Johnny gave orders to abandon ship.

He got the men away in good shape. Three boatloads, with the wounded split up evenly among them. He carried away a bag of hand grenades and a submachine gun to each lifeboat, and he ordered pennants broken out and affixed to the tiny staff in the peak of each boat. They might be in a bad fix, he decided, but they were still a task force of the United States Navy, and he intended to go armed and with pennants flying.

They started up the outboard motors in the lifeboats and set sail, a flotilla of three pushing through the rain. At a distance of two miles, they turned to watch the Lassiter roll over and sink. Then they turned toward the South American coast, four hundred miles to the east.

Just before nightfall they made out a tramp freighter coming slowly up from the south through the rain squalls. They changed course to meet her, and began to fire rockets. Shortly there came an answering rocket from the freighter.

As the freighter came closer Johnny saw it was the Pride.

He brought his dead and wounded aboard in a flat sling suspended from the Y winches on the Pride's foredeck. Then he saw the last of his men go up the Jacob's ladder. He had the pennants removed from each of the lifeboats. He went up the ladder and ordered a petty officer to pour a burst from a submachine gun through the hull of each lifeboat. He watched them sink.

He superintended the billeting of his wounded and saw his dead laid out in the cold room behind the galley. Then he went aloft, where his radioman was trying to coax some action out of the obsolete equipment in the Pride's cubbyhole of a radio room.

The radio officer shook his head. "This tub's been carrying this equipment for years just to comply with the Maritime Commission laws. She'll receive all right, but Marconi himself couldn't fix up this rig to send."

Johnny shrugged and started below. The deck of the Pride was covered with lashed oil drums, part of its cargo. He walked between an aisle of drums and came face to face with Taffy Jonas.

She said, "Johnny."

"Excuse me," he said, and passed her. He was an automaton.

Save time and dough—look really swell—
And get more shaves per blade as well
With Thin Gillettes, priced four for ten—
They're grand, say thrifty, well-groomed men!

THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 BLADES 10¢
Gillette

4 for 10¢
8 for 19¢
12 for 27¢

Produced By The Maker
Of The Famous Gillette
Blue Blade

Easy Way To Get Even More Shaves With Every Gillette Blade

1 WASH FACE thoroughly with hot water and soap to soften beard and eliminate accumulated grit that dulls shaving edges

2 APPLY LATHER or Brushless Shaving Cream while face is wet. If lather is used, work it in well with brush or fingers

3 TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated at left identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves

4 CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges

He went below into a cabin where Walt Barton lay motionless on a bed. The pharmacist's mate was there, with blood-covered hands. Alice Barton sat on a low stool beside the bed, and turned a white face up at Johnny. He was not surprised at her presence. Nothing surprised him now.

The pharmacist's mate said, "I think he's doing all right, sir. I made a stab at sewing the arteries. I'm almost scared to say so, but I think he's all right."

"Good man!" Johnny said. "Stay with him."

Alice Barton followed him out of the cabin. She took his arm. "Johnny," she said—"Johnny."

That strange calm still had hold of him. He said questioningly, "Yes?"

She said, "Walt fought with you, didn't he, Johnny?"

Johnny laughed suddenly. He'd just had a ship shot from under him, his commander was *hors de combat,* and there were sadly wounded men down in the jury-rigged sick bay, and he had no radio, and the responsibility for the command was on his shoulders—and a silly woman was asking him about a vague and ludicrous thing that had happened dim centuries ago.

"He left me," she said. "It's all my fault, Johnny. I'll straighten it all out. . . . I explained to Taffy. She's grand. She let me come north with her."

She began to cry. The words were all a jumble in Johnny's mind. He made no effort to unjumble them. They did not concern the only fact that mattered in the world. They did not concern his command.

He walked away and went back to the radio room. There was still no spark in the sending set.

He went into the chartroom and plotted out a course for Captain Jonas, and he walked unseeingly past George. Then he went down in the sick bay and held the hand of a skinny young boy from Georgia until he died.

Then, and only then, he turned over his command to Ensign McLean and went down to Captain Jonas' cabin. Taffy followed him in. He did not look at her. He kicked off his shoes and fell face down across the bed.

"Johnny," Taffy Jonas said, "I know you're dead, but you've got to listen. It's all clear now. About Walt Barton and everything. Alice had been keeping him jealous about you ever since you all were kids. Don't you see? You were the rich catch, and she kept telling him you had a crush on each other. He got to hating you, and then, when he found that torn fifty-dollar bill in her purse in Monte—"

She stopped. Johnny was snoring. She wondered if there were any way of curing him of that. It would be an annoying habit down their years.

She covered him with a blanket and went down to Barton's cabin to sit the night out with Alice.

THE ensign shook Johnny savagely. Johnny groaned, then came to his feet. Ensign McLean was wide-eyed.

He said, "Look," and his voice was hushed to the barest whisper. "Look."

"Mind if I don't join you, Miss Macey? Last few nights I've been knocking around rather late."

Johnny looked out the porthole McLean indicated, and recoiled momentarily. He shook his head roughly. It must be an optical illusion. There was no submarine in the world that large. It was fully five times the size of any he had seen. But shake his head as he might, there it was.

The monster sub was paralleling the Pride not five hundred yards away. It could barely be seen in the just clearing dawn, but when Johnny peered closer he could see that this outsize craft mounted four guns that looked to be five-inchers, in addition to rapid-fire antiaircraft weapons.

He whistled in amazement. There had been rumors, of course, but many naval experts had scoffed. It was impossible, those experts said, to build an undersea craft the size of a small destroyer. But here she was—and here, too, was the answer to the riddle of the small amount of fuel and rations in the sub they had captured. This monster was a mother sub, refueling and provisioning her brood at some sea rendezvous.

He barked orders at the ensign, then put on oilskins and went across a rain- and wave-swept deck to the chartroom. He did not look in the direction of the U-boat, but there it was, silently paralleling the Pride. Now he could see gun crews at their stations—the guns trained on the Pride. He was puzzled. Why didn't they cut loose and blow the old bum out of the water? Why this silent game of look-see?

He let himself into the chartroom. George was there with Captain Jonas. Captain Jonas said, "That damned Heinie has been there for the last twenty minutes. What do you make of it? I've been expecting to get it any second, but all they do is watch. Up until a minute ago there was a man staring at us through sea glasses, then went back inside the hatch."

Johnny said, "I don't understand it. That damned radio! You old wharf rat, why don't you obey the laws in spirit and keep a decent radio set?"

He went to the chartroom telephone and called the radio room. The operator reported no success at getting the transmitter into action. He also reported that he had seen the sub and phoned the chartroom. His voice was calm and unfrightened.

Ensign McLean phoned from the forehold. He'd gotten every able-bodied man into the companionways leading to the deck, and had them waiting there, armed with their few submachine guns, pistols, and grenades. Futile weapons indeed against the enemy's armament.

JOHNNY stared at the sub through the chartroom window. It seemed to be coming closer to the Pride.

When it was within two hundred yards of the freighter, a man in oilskins came out of the hatch. He had a megaphone in his hand, and shortly his voice came down the wind.

He yelled, "Ahoy the Pride!"

Johnny reached for the door, but the captain was there before him. He said, "I'd look better out there."

Johnny nodded, and the old man went out onto the rain-swept bridge. The German officer raised his megaphone again.

His voice had a faint trace of Harvard accent.

"Do not attempt to use your wireless," he megaphoned. "At its first sound we shall blow you out of the water."

Old Captain Jonas unhooked the megaphone from beneath the bridge rail and bellowed back, "My radio's out of whack!"

But his voice would not carry up the wind, and after he had repeated his words several times the German called, "It is useless trying to answer me. Simply follow my orders. At the first sign that you are not following my instructions to the letter, you will receive a broadside. Wave your arms if you understand me."

Captain Jonas waved his arms.

The German continued, "Go to port, upwind a quarter compass."

Captain Jonas looked in through the chartroom window. George looked questioningly at Johnny, who nodded. The course was changed to fit the German's instructions.

The German then called, "Get two deck hands out on deck. Have them unlash some of your oil drums, and throw one overboard every minute. I will count the minutes."

Johnny considered this. Where it was leading he did not know. What he did know was that he did not want any of the Pride's hysterical Portuguese deck hands where they could betray the situation to the Nazis.

He nodded to George. "We're the deck hands, I guess."

The big man nodded and snugged his oilskins about him. They went out on the deck and took the lashings off one tier of oil drums.

The Nazi officer bellowed, "Now!" and they heaved a drum overboard.

The sharp crack of a rifle startled them. Johnny looked forward. Ensign McLean and a group of men were in the forward companionway hatch, ready to pile out onto the deck with their futile weapons.

Johnny shook his head at them. What the hell were the Nazis shooting at? He'd heard no whine of bullet. The submarine commander's voice came again: "Now!"

The drum splashed overside, and the rifle cracked three times. This was beyond understanding. But if the Germans wanted to play pointless games, Johnny decided he would go along. It was his duty to keep his command alive and unimprisoned, and he was reduced to stalling for time.

They threw over eighty drums of oil, each time to the accompaniment of one or more rifle shots. Then the German called, "You will now come about to port and proceed downwind at slow speed ahead."

As the Pride came about, Johnny saw the point. For more than a mile the ocean was dotted with oil drums, each one seeping oil from bullet holes and stilling the waves. Johnny had forgotten that a full but punctured oil drum will float until its contents are displaced entirely by sea water.

THIS Nazi was a smart sailor. He'd gotten himself almost a mile of fairly untroubled water in the midst of a storm.

The German called, "Put steam into your winches and have your deck hands unroll your cargo nets."

They did as they were told. The voice then ordered, "Roll fifty drums into the nets."

They did so.

"Hoist away," the voice ordered; and then, "Lower away over your port side, and lower to the water."

Johnny snarled to himself. This was the cutest yet. This Nazi so-and-so was going to trail along, picking up priceless oil, one hundred-barrel drum after another. And without the slightest danger; he didn't even have to put a man overside in a boat. As the sling went overside, Johnny grabbed the steering rope and let it tow him to the edge. He peered down. The Germans already had the first barrel on the deck of the submarine and were pouring it into a small open hatch, obviously the oil-loading port.

The German called, "Tell your deck hand to go back from the rail or we will shoot him. He is to stay amidships, by the cargo hold."

Captain Jonas dutifully yelled at Johnny. That young man was shivering with rage. That a German mother sub should refuel at sea from an American vessel was infuriating enough. That a United States naval lieutenant should labor at the process while twenty-odd United States sailors skulked in a companionway was completely unbearable. Getting blown out of the water was the lesser evil.

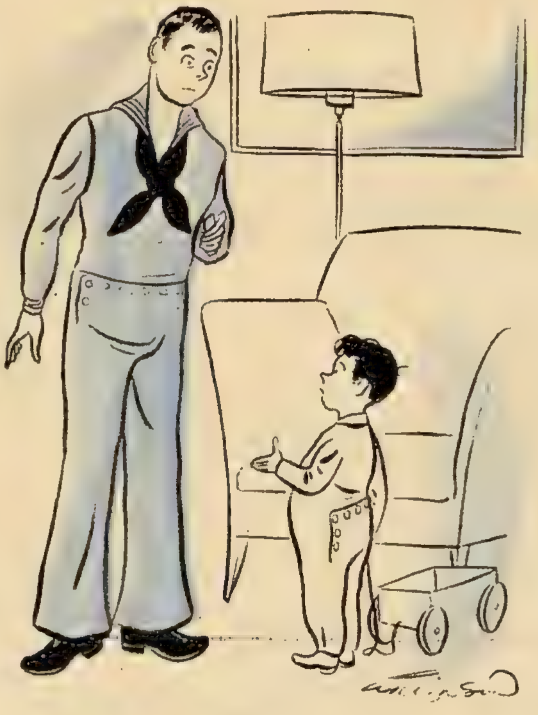
Johnny left the steam winch and went forward.

The German's voice yelled, "I will shoot your deck hand if he doesn't follow orders."

Captain Jonas did some quick thinking. He bellowed, "He has to clear the steam lines to the winch! They're fouled on the forecastle bitts!"

The German was now close enough to hear. He called, "Tell him to be quick. And do not try tricks. We have heard of your cowardly disguises. Killing from ambush like Indians!"

Johnny called the Nazi officer a name that reflected on his maternal parent. He then included all the Nazi's ancestors. Of course no one without a megaphone could be heard twenty feet, so his swearing was impotent, but it made him feel better. "Ambush!" he growled. "After that louse has sneaked up and torpedoed Lord knows how many helpless passenger ships! Who started this ambush racket, you Heinie so-and-so?"



"Why do you have your pants on backwards?"

He walked out of sight of the submarine, coiling steam line as he went. Then he ducked into the companionway and snatched a bag of grenades from a sailor.

He said, "Don't you guys come until the war starts. Let me make the first play."

Then he walked back along the deck. When he was even with the midships of the submarine, he whirled and flung the hand grenades straight down the oil hatch. He felt the first bullet hit him in the shoulder, but before he went down he heard the explosion and saw the flash of flame leap in the air and engulf him. As he hit the deck he heard the rush of feet and the chatter of the submachine guns. He tried to smile and comment again on the Nazi's ancestry—and then remembered no more.

WHEN he awoke, he occupied the bunk opposite Walt Barton. Beneath him he felt the antiquated beat of the Pride's engines. To port he could hear the beat of a destroyer's engines, while from above there was a distant roar of aircraft. His sailor's ear cocked to the destroyer's engines, which sounded strange and labored.

Walt Barton interpreted the cock of Johnny's head. He said, "She's towing that sub. It's somewhat scarred by fire but otherwise whole."

Johnny turned toward him, and Taffy Jonas said, "Don't move so quickly. You'll loosen your bandages."

He tried to put a hand up to the oily bandages sitting loosely on top of his head, and then saw that his hands were bandaged. Then he remembered the flash of flame that had engulfed him when the sub's oil hatch went afire.

"They're superficial," Walt Barton said. "Hardly burns at all. Your handsome mug won't be marred."

Johnny looked quickly at him; but Barton was smiling and there was only the camaraderie of kidding in his tone. He grinned back at Walt.

Walt took a sheet of paper from the bed before him. He said, "I'd like to read you this, but it would take too long. It's a simple report of the engagement and the capture of the mother sub. I thought I'd get it in while the destroyer was alongside. McLean gave me the details."

Johnny's face flickered. Odd for a man to report on an action that had taken place while he was unconscious.

Walt Barton said, "I used your name in vain. I hope you don't mind. The signature, I mean." He lifted the paper and read, "Standish, J., Lieutenant Junior Grade, commanding."

Johnny said, "Thanks, pal."

Taffy Jonas put his hands back in his lap and reminded him to be careful of his bandages.

He said, "You wouldn't be a bad-looking dame with some improvements. "Grow some hair and I'll marry you."

She picked the mirror from the wall locker and held it to his face. Then she lifted the bandage from his head.

She said, "*Et tu,* Brutus. Maybe we can work it out together."

He looked in the mirror. Every hair had been singed from his head.

THE END

After work and on days off, war-industry girls find relaxation playing badminton in the back yard of the USO clubhouse. It's good insurance against boredom and loneliness.

Women are working in factories in three shifts to produce war materials for our own forces and our allies. Keen eyesight is needed to inspect these big Frankford shells.

KEEP 'E

Women can take the grind of w
work, but boredom in off hou
hurts morale. Here's a soluti

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

"SO you're thinking of deserting, too?" the landlady said sharply.

"I don't want to desert!" Mary Elizabeth wheeled angrily. "But I'm dog-tired, and I'm so sick of doing nothing but work that I could yell."

The older woman hesitated, then came into the room. "Sit down, honey," she said, "and let's talk about it."

Mary Elizabeth sat on the edge of the bed. For a moment neither of them spoke, but the landlady was remembering that in this present war one of the great problems was to hold *above* par the physical and emotional stamina of the army behind the Army.

The girl on the bed was one of that army, a war-industry volunteer who, working dangerously and living uncomfortably, was at the point of cracking up, of walking out on her job. Only that afternoon, when she was downtown, the landlady had heard that the turnover among war-industry workers in some towns was close to 500 a week, and she knew that each desertion slowed up the nation's war effort.

Like thousands of other war workers, Mary Elizabeth Black had come to the California coast from a small town. At first she had been thrilled at the idea of getting into a war industry. Even the difficulty of finding a comfortable place to live hadn't daunted her. In a town where 18,000 population had swelled to 74,000, she was lucky to find the room she had, even though it was small and she must share it with another girl. It cost five dollars a week and seemed reasonable enough, though she later learned that in the dormitories which the Farm Security Board has built in many industry-crowded areas, the charge is seldom more than $3.50 a week.

The government employment bureau sent her to a plant where she was trained for a mechanical job. She happened to be assigned to the day shift. "I sure am getting the breaks," she told her roommate. "They might have started me on the swing that works from four in the morning until noon the next day. I wonder what it's like, stumbling off to work in the dark."

"No different from coming home from the movies at ten o'clock."

"That's right." Mary Elizabeth laughed. "When I first got here," she went on, "the dimout gave me the creeps; now it's kinda thrilling."

The whole task of being a war-industry worker was "kinda thrilling."

ORKING!

BY

OURTENAY SAVAGE

That is, it was at the beginning. It was fun to put on overalls, tie up one's hair, forget about nail polish, lipstick, and rouge. It was an adventure to have to wear safety shoes and a badge. It was exciting to drill for an air raid.

And that first pay check was an honest-to-goodness pulse stirrer, for Mary Elizabeth had worked for fourteen long days at sixty cents an hour with time and a half for overtime. Late that afternoon she did a little shopping. A couple of pairs of nylon stockings and blue silk underwear. With subsequent checks she got dresses, shoes, a warm winter coat.

But after several weeks the monotony of the life began to pall. What was the use of having better clothes, more money than she'd ever had before, if all there was to do after work was to go to a movie with her roommate? Then, too, there had been an accident at the plant; a girl had barely escaped serious injury and the other girls had talked of the accident hazard of monotonous work and overfatigue. Mary Elizabeth was tired, low-spirited, half-frightened; there was no longer any thrill left in her job.

Like hundreds of other war-industry women, she had reached a point when her resistance was minus, where her morale needed stimulating. She looked out her window and saw the barrage balloons and remembered that off in the hills were anti-aircraft guns. A recent alert had reminded her forcibly that the town, with its great shipyards and war factories, was a danger spot. She contrasted it with her home town, where the war must still seem far away. Gee, it'd be fun to be back home. Of course Ed, her special boy friend, was in the army, but there were other fellows. At least you knew them when you passed them in the streets. But in this town of thousands of men—fighters and war-industry workers—she knew no one.

She found herself growing more and more intolerant and irritable when she thought of the conditions under which she lived and worked. One afternoon she began to count her money. She had saved over a hundred dollars. Too, she had a nice new wardrobe.

That was when the landlady, coming by the open door, saw the pile of change and bills that Mary Elizabeth had arranged on the dresser, and said, "So you're thinking of deserting, too?"

Mary Elizabeth felt she was going to cry as she sat on the bed and explained how lonely she was.

After a week's confining work in a war plant, a bicycle trip into the country is just what these girls need. Cycling is only one of the many activities the USO arranges.

Women work on assault boats for the Marine Corps. It is a satisfaction to know that many of these boats will be used to land our troops on islands now occupied by Japs.

OEM PHOTO BY PALMER

"But you do go out a lot," said the landlady.

"Out? I walk downtown and look in the shop windows, I eat, I go to an early movie—with another girl! After that I have a soda and come home."

"I thought maybe you'd met some nice fellows."

"Where would I meet them?"

"On your job—or at the USO club—all the fellows go over there."

Mary Elizabeth was both interested and amazed. "They do?"

"Don't tell me *you* haven't been there!" Now the landlady was amazed.

Mary Elizabeth shook her head.

"Well, sakes alive, walk over this very night. Introduce yourself to the hostess and she'll see you meet folks."

Reluctantly Mary Elizabeth walked over the hill to the building housing the recreational activities provided by the United Service Organizations.

When the USO was first organized it was realized that while the great problem confronting the six member agencies was providing recreational, social, and spiritual aid to men in uniform, there was also a very definite need for a morale-building program among war-industry workers.

Two member agencies, the Young Women's Christian Association and the National Catholic Community Service, through its Women's Division, were equipped to work with women war workers, and occasionally these two have joint occupancy of the USO club.

This is the case in the town where Mary Elizabeth worked. All USO clubs, of course, are strictly nondenominational.

In the club available to Mary Elizabeth there is something doing every day and all through the day, and while the building is officially dedicated to women's activities, the men have "moved in" to such an extent that boxing matches are staged in the main auditorium each Friday night.

Dancing is probably the most popular recreation, and Saturday nights the building is crowded with sailors, marines, soldiers, as well as men and girls from the production lines and the wives of men in uniform. Activities begin early and continue late, planned to meet the three-shift working day.

These girl workers have a room in a Farm Security Bureau dormitory at $3.50 a week.

No effort is made to regiment people. Visitors to the club choose what they like to do. If Mary Elizabeth and her friends want to play volley ball, bridge, badminton, or to bowl, there are games scheduled. If she wants a book or magazine, each club has hundreds, and there are free movies, dramatics, and handcrafts. Perhaps more important than all the planned activities is the opportunity to lounge in comfortable chairs and talk with other young men and women, for from their conversations regarding their jobs Mary Elizabeth learns that she is only one of thousands who have had to adjust themselves to war work.

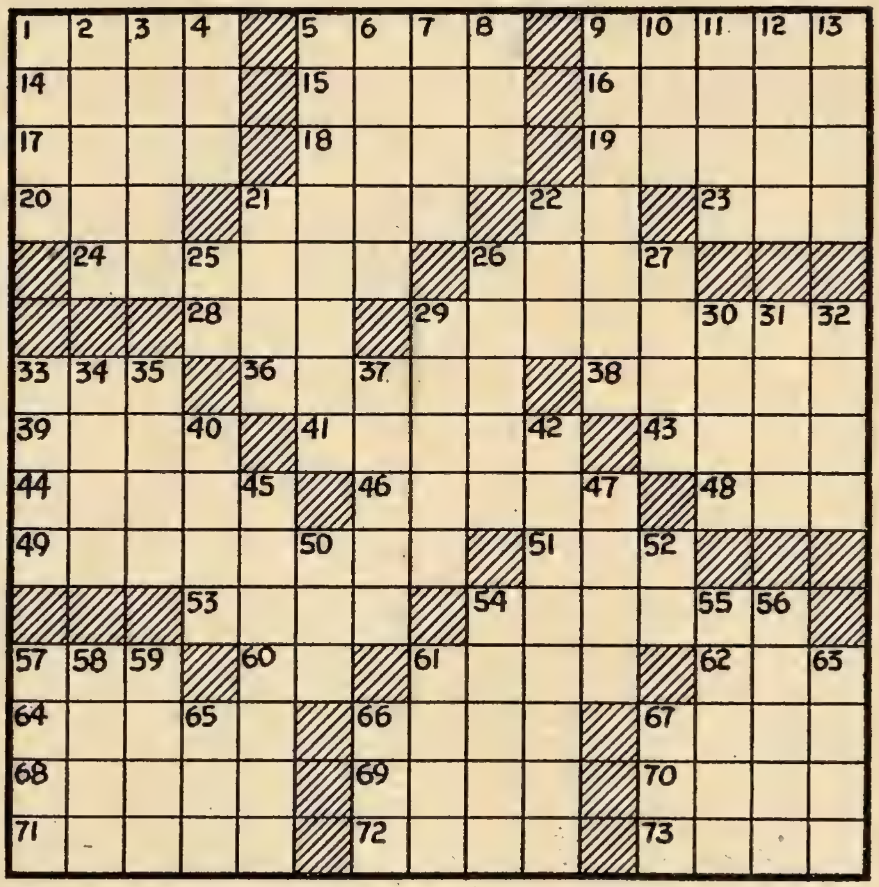
It is the spirit of fellowship which the USO clubs have fostered that makes them so valuable to the welfare of the war-industry worker. Going to her room night after night, Mary Elizabeth is conscious of all that is perilous and unpleasant. There is a danger that discomfort plus loneliness will bring about her desertion. But danger and inconvenience can be tolerated, even forgotten, if one has friendship and can "let off steam."

Once the Mary Elizabeths of the production line begin to look toward USO clubs as a place of recreation they come out from under the shadow of that master morale buster—boredom. And free of that blight they work on.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

by
Lee Pasquin



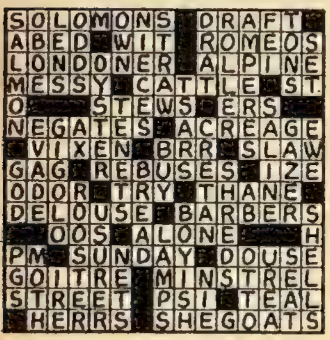
HORIZONTAL

1 Eastern title of respect
5 Kind of cheese
9 Prepares
14 Give forth
15 Combining form: beyond
16 Conscious of
17 Part of a fork
18 Soon
19 Thick vegetable substance
20 An Ibsen character
21 Clip off
22 Note of the scale
23 Finish
24 Rivulet
26 Roman garment
28 Consume
29 Detract
33 Cut off
36 Fruit
38 Gypsy
39 Dry
41 Reception
43 Yawn
44 Principal genus of dog family
46 Fine white powder
48 Fowl
49 Lift
51 Enthusiasm
53 Arabian military commander
54 Angry outburst
57 Sprite
60 Preposition
61 Wise
62 Wing
64 Heaps
66 Powerful tonic
67 Island
68 Idol
69 Mine entrance
70 Inclination
71 Tender chicken
72 Ship's officer
73 Joins to

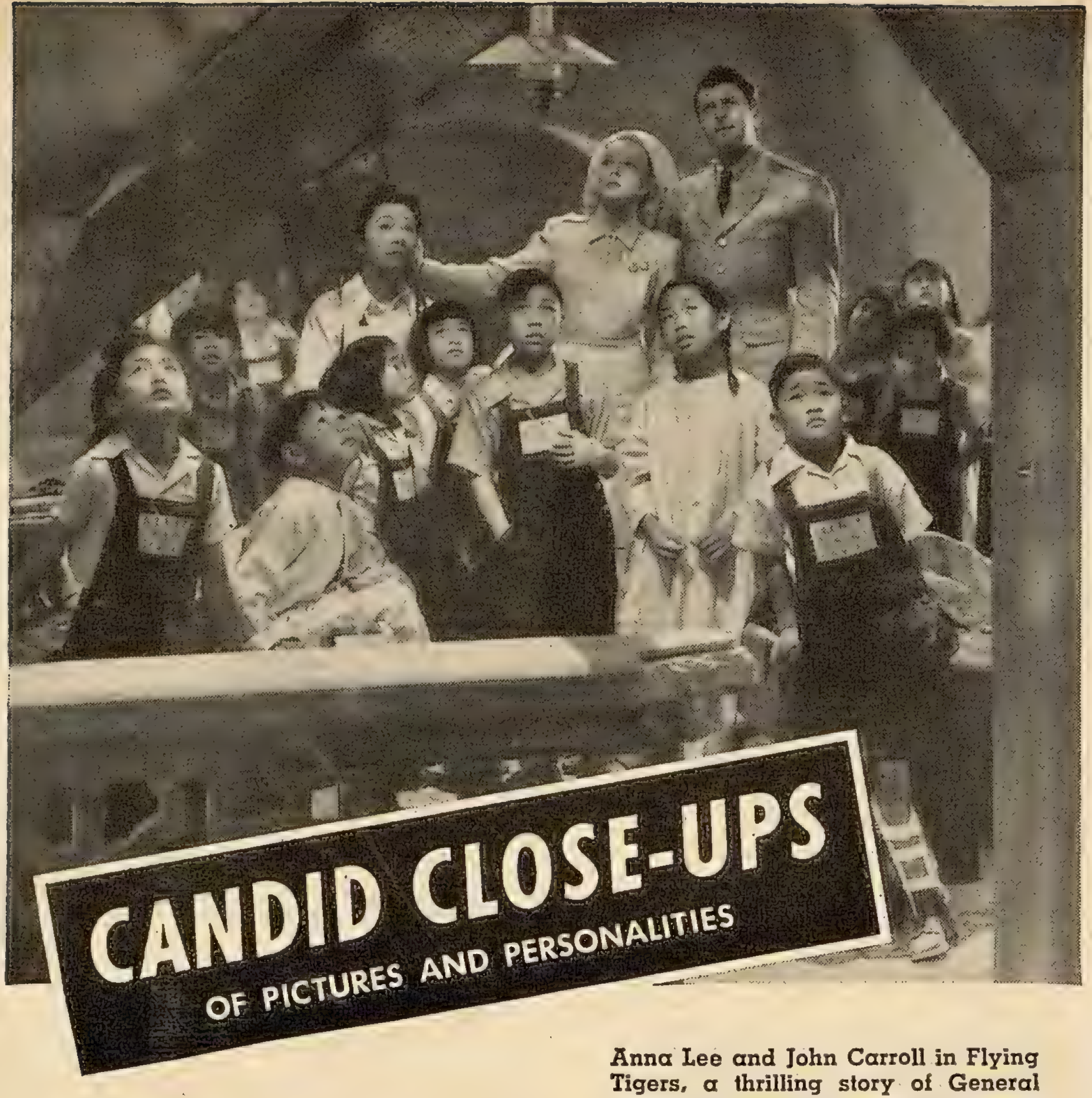
VERTICAL

1 Greek letter
2 Wrong
3 French psychologist
4 Devoured
5 Issues
6 Cloth
7 At the summit
8 Human
9 Pattern of perfection
10 Reverential fear
11 Ornamental vessel
12 Island (poetic)
13 Dispatch
21 Line of union
22 In place of
25 Of the thing (law)
26 Male singer
27 Eager
29 Sorrow
30 Eastern nurse
31 Narrow band
32 Paradise
33 Ornamental fabric
34 Pertaining to the mouth
35 Kind of tree
37 Toil
40 Low resort
42 Sail
45 Japanese banjo
47 Italian coin (pl.)
50 Metal
52 Parent (colloq.)
54 Implied
55 Ventured
56 South African antelope
57 Heroic
58 Kind of bean
59 Slap
61 Chemical compound
63 Insect (pl.)
65 Self
66 Piece of machinery
67 Woven camel's hair

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.


SOLOMONS■DRAFT■
ABED■WIT■ROMEOS
LONDONER■ALPINE
MESSY■CATTLE■ST
O■■■STEWS■ERS■■
NEGATES■ACREAGE
■VIXEN■BRR■SLAW
GAG■REBUSES■IZE
ODOR■TRY■THANE■
DELOUSE■BARBERS
■■OOS■ALONE■■■H
PM■SUNDAY■DOUSE
GOITRE■MINSTREL
STREET■PSI■TEAL
■HERRS■SHEGOATS

Last week's answer



CANDID CLOSE-UPS

OF PICTURES AND PERSONALITIES

Anna Lee and John Carroll in Flying Tigers, a thrilling story of General Claire Chennault's daredevil airmen.

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Historic Drama:

FLYING TIGERS

"SINCE the Flying Tigers first spread their wings in the skies above China, the enemy has learned to fear the intrepid spirit they have displayed in face of his superior numbers. They have become the symbol of humanity and justice. The Chinese people will preserve forever the memory of their glorious achievements."—Foreword to Flying Tigers, by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

With such a foreword, the producers of Flying Tigers accepted a certain responsibility toward the gallant members of the American Volunteer Group of airmen who, under Chennault's inspired command, fought the Japanese for China before Pearl Harbor. Hollywood could hardly have improved upon the actual story of their achievements and wisely has not tried. A rousingly melodramatic scenario presents the flyers not as stock movie heroes but as the hard-bitten, dead-game men they must have been, keen for adventure, bagging Jap planes on a businesslike basis of bonuses, yet aware of the part they were playing in China's fight for freedom. From squadron leader to grease monkey they are given their gallant due, not forgetting, either, the robust humor that tided them over bitter defeats.

It is the squadron leader, of course, whose coolheaded daring sets the screen story's pace. Tremendously outnumbered by the enemy, his problem is to keep 'em flying on courage alone. When he fills out his depleted ranks with a cocky ex-transport pilot whose motive for joining the A. V. G. is strictly mercenary, he is asking for trouble, and he gets it. The new member cracks up a plane in an unscheduled dogfight, antagonizes the seasoned pilots, and very nearly wrecks the squadron leader's romance with a pretty nurse.

Flying Tigers is always good melodrama, and occasionally it is more than that—when it conveys, in poignant close-ups, something of the patient courage of the Chinese people under unprovoked attack; when it shows, in addition to the thrilling aerial battles staged in California skies, authentic scenes of combat from confiscated Japanese reels—then it attains almost documentary significance. For the most part, however, it is just what it aims to be—swift, showy entertainment, performed by a substantial cast headed by John Wayne as the squadron leader, John Carroll as the daredevil pilot, and Anna Lee as the nurse. Miss Lee is a fetching picture in her snowy white

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

A lion like an elephant never forgets—

★ ★ ★ ★

She was twelve, she came from Grand Rapids and had rhythm. She sang like a lark on the beat. While her mother accompanied her on the pianoforte. M-G-M cheered.

★ ★ ★ ★

What an electric little spark was Judy. She was destined for stardom.

★ ★ ★ ★

Today is destiny day. See "For Me and My Gal."

★ ★ ★ ★

Judy Garland is a great star. As a matter of fact, she is the second most popular actress in the nation by actual poll. And no wonder.

★ ★ ★ ★

How she sings and dances and acts! But above all, she has feeling—that's what makes her so good.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's what distinguishes "For Me and My Gal" from all other musical movies you've seen. Feeling.

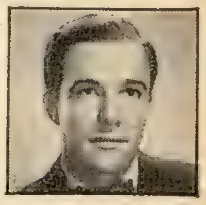
★ ★ ★ ★

The plot is as warm and friendly as your fireside. Convincing dialogue. Infectious song rendering.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Murphy and Gene Kelly play with Judy. Murphy is at his best. Gene Kelly is a "find." Broadway saw him first i 'Pal Joey," but you'll never forget him in "For Me and My Gal."

★ ★ ★ ★



It's not necessary to predict a future for Gene Kelly. His future is here. What a performance he gives as a heel with a heart.

★ ★ ★ ★

The dramatic and humorous screenplay has been provided by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers from Howard Emmett Rodgers' original yarn.

★ ★ ★ ★

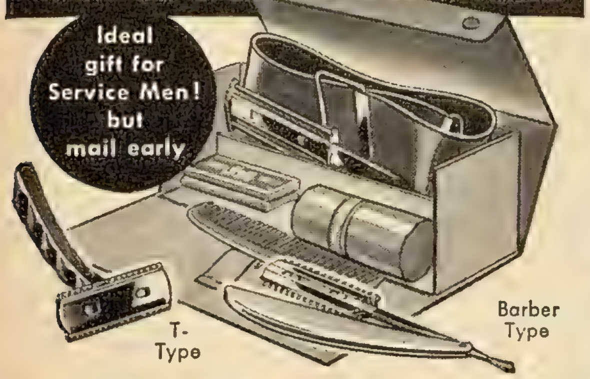
Busby Berkeley, the screen's greatest director of musical pictures, directed it and Arthur Freed produced it. The two work well together.

★ ★ ★

"The bells are ringing For Me and My Gal." —Leo

P. S. We recommend "Random Harvest" as the greatest dramatic film since "Mrs. Mini
Goldwyn-Maye

BLADE RATIONING NO WORRY IF YOU OWN THIS



DURHAM SHAVE KIT

1. Ten hollow-ground, double-edge blades—over twice thicker, to take many stroppings. 2½ times more shaving edge.
2. Genuine leather strop—semi-automatic, triples life of these already long-life blades.
3. Your choice, barber type or T-type safety razor. *Specify type wanted.* Both use the same famous Durham Duplex blade.
4. In serviceable case with shaving stick and comb.

$2.50 postpaid, if drugstore can't supply. Ask for Christmas mailing carton. It's free.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. R, MYSTIC, CONN.
Also makers of Enders *Speed* Shaver

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

FREE ENLARGEMENT Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad. (10c for handling and return mailing appreciated.) Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.
GEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept. 8, Des Moines, Ia.

HAIRCUT MAKE YOU ITCHY?

Tell Your Barber to Use* SANEK NECK STRIPS

Sign of the Clean Shop

SANEK* stops hair clippings from dropping down neck—protects skin from possible germ infection.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
WISCONSIN

uniform which remains immaculate through the worst bombings. (Republic.)

Personality of the Week:

JOHN WAYNE

John Wayne.

LIKE Clark Gable and Gary Cooper, movie he-man John Wayne crashed the screen by way of the Westerns. Like Cooper, too, Wayne really knows his West. When he was five his family moved from his Iowa birthplace to a lonely ranch in the Mojave Desert, where the boy learned to ride herd and rope cattle, beginning to build up that fine physique which maiden movie fans were later to sigh over. At the University of Southern California Wayne was a star athlete and won an All-America football designation. He took a summer job as prop boy in a studio specializing in outdoor action dramas. He never went back to college. Director Raoul Walsh took one look at him and signed him to play rugged heroes. Ten years of Westerns paved the way for his most important acting assignment, in Flying Tigers. Wayne is six feet five inches tall, towering over his screen competition, Gary Cooper, by two and a half inches.

In 1933 John Wayne married Josephine Saenz, Los Angeles debutante. They have four children.

PREVIEW PHOTO: Greer Garson displays new talents in her latest picture, Random Harvest. She dances in kilts and sings the famous Harry Lauder number, She's My Daisy.

RECOMMENDED PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

The Glass Key, The Road to Morocco, My Sister Eileen, The Moon and Sixpence, Iceland, Between Us Girls, Now Voyager, One of Our Aircraft Is Missing, The Major and the Minor, Somewhere I'll Find You, Wake Island, The War Against Mrs. Hadley, Tales of Manhattan, Men of Texas, The Talk of the Town, Footlight Serenade, Bambi, Desperate Journey, The Pied Piper, Pardon My Sarong, The Pride of the Yankees, The Magnificent Ambersons, The Foreman Went to France.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of LIBERTY, published weekly at New York, New York, for October 1, 1942.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Paul Hunter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the LIBERTY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Paul Hunter, 205 East 42d Street, New York City; Editor, Jerome Ellison, 205 East 42d Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Lee Pasquin, 205 East 42d Street, New York City; Business Manager, Paul Hunter, 205 East 42d Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York City; wholly owned subsidiary of Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York City; Meco Corporation, 205 East 42d Street, New York City; Stockholders in Meco Corporation owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Joseph Miles Dooher, 1659 Russ Building, San Francisco, Calif.; Meyer Dworkin, 95-18 Remington Street, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y.; Orr J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.; Fulton Oursler, P. O. Box 46, West Falmouth, Mass.; Carroll Rheinstrom, 300 Park Avenue, New York City; Joseph Schultz, 328 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.; Sam O. Shapiro, 9 Pondfield Parkway, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.; Harold A. Wise, 11 Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.

Atlantic Investing Corp., 67 Wall Street, New York City; William Theille, Taylors Lane, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

PAUL HUNTER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1942.

(Seal) JOSEPH M. ROTH.
(My commission expires March 30, 1943.)

AMERICA'S WAR BABY: 1942

The private life of a new seventeen-year-old star—who must study geometry between scenes!

BY IRVING WALLACE

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WHEN baldish family man Fred Astaire, who searches for new dancing partners with the enthusiasm conquistadors once hunted El Dorado, learned that there was a rising actress at Warners' named Joan Leslie who could shake a wicked rumba and samba, he became tremendously excited.

He rushed to his phone, had himself connected with the sound stage where his new possibility was toiling.

"Hello! I'd like to speak to Joan Leslie, please! This is Fred Astaire!"

The voice on the other end told him to hold on. Then the same voice returned and mumbled apologies.

Fred Astaire turned blankly from his phone. Beside him, puzzled, stood his producer, Mark Sandrich.

"What's the matter, Fred?" asked the producer.

"My new leading lady!" groaned the Great Twinkle-Toes. "What's Hollywood coming to? I couldn't speak to her—she's too busy—studying geometry!"

Nevertheless, though her immaturity has constantly bewildered admirers, Joan Leslie's extreme talent does bring repeats. For example, Fred Astaire called again. He got her to come down to Paramount for a dancing test. She went through a hectic routine—tap, waltz, jitterbug—and passed with dancing colors, with the result that at Astaire's request, she will appear with him in one of his next two commitments at RKO.

The object of the nimble Fred's professional pursuit is a rather plain-faced, unspectacular, but highly histrionic seventeen-year-old who has had only six days' vacation from her studio in two years. To date, her overnight rise has given Warner Brothers eight consecutive hit pictures.

This new young star looks like something you put in the living-room vase to cheer the house up in the morning. She has brown eyes, auburn hair, and weighs 121. She's got a disarming catchy smile, and a quality that attaches itself to an audience like adhesive. That quality has nothing to do with Lana and Rita and Marlene. It has to do with that old wasp-waisted picture of mom in the family album, with print dresses and a walk through the meadows in spring.

Joan Leslie is America's War Baby for 1942-43. Her success is not based on an appeal to the libido. Rather, it is based on a talent for conjuring up thoughts of home cooking. Such an appeal is a thing of wonder to movie executives. There is a good deal of anatomy, unrationed, on display in Hollywood. But it's not every day you get a girl just like mom!

Joan was born in Detroit. Her father, a frustrated baseball player, was a hard-working accountant. Her mother, a pedestrian pianist, encouraged Joan and two older sisters into attacking audiences on amateur nights with an accordion which competently rendered Dinah. While other

Joan Leslie has danced since she was a child, so her dancing role in The Hard Way (left) was right up her alley. Soon she will appear with Fred Astaire. Offscreen (above) Joan looks just what she is—a charming simple girl of seventeen.

RELIEVE
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA &
MUSCULAR ACHES
WITH
QUICK
ACTING
"BC"

USE ONLY AS DIRECTED
ON PACKAGE
10¢ and 25¢

10¢ TRADE MARK BC REG. PAT. OFF. 10¢
HEADACHE & NEURALGIA
B C REMEDY CO

MEN MADE TO ORDER

**Fit Your Abilities
ToThe Opportunities**

You have unused talents and mental powers. Learn to develop those faculties of mind which today's world of *business demands*. Start life anew—*without changing your affairs*. Write the *Rosicrucians* for *free* Sealed Book telling how you may receive age-old teachings to *achieve* personal power.

Address: Scribe L.Y.X.
The **ROSICRUCIANS, (Amorc) · San Jose, Calif.**

THE
CHICAGO'S
DISTINCTIVE
HOTEL
BISMARCK
OTTO K. EITEL, Mng. Dir.

**RECOGNIZED
ADVERTISING . . .**

Liberty maintains a special department for the purpose of checking carefully each and every ad appearing in the magazine. By this means we believe that all advertising claims may be relied upon. Buy with confidence!

Wonderful for Skin and Scalp Irritations

**Effective Home Treatment
Promptly Relieves Torture!**

To quickly soothe the itching, burning of eczema, psoriasis, skin and scalp irritations due to external cause—apply odorless *liquid* Zemo—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years' success. Zemo ALSO aids healing. Being stainless, invisible—you can apply Zemo anytime—it won't show on skin. Over 25,000,000 packages sold! 35¢, 60¢, $1.00.

ZEMO

children were concentrating on lollipops, little Joan was spending free moments in local movie houses observing technique. As a result of her observations, travels, practice, Joan today can reel off a whole carnival of impersonations. She can imitate Katharine Hepburn. She can mimic Maurice Chevalier, Luise Rainer, Jimmy Cagney, Gary Cooper, Bette Davis. Even Ida Lupino, a routine involving much British accent and eye-goggling. "I hear you do a wonderful impersonation of me," said the Lupino one day. To which Joan gulped and replied, before fleeing, "Rumors, that's what, plain rumors!"

In 1929 somebody stuck a pin in this world. Joan's family went *boom!* with the rest of America. Their total assets: one Ford car, used.

Joan's mother said, "Now that papa has lost his job, we can't just sit. Let's go on the road. I think you girls can become famous in vaudeville."

So the Ford waddled up and down the desperate land. It looked like something from Mars, with mama, papa, the three girls, a wire-haired terrier named Mike (who still exists, in a special bombproof doghouse with a newly acquired wife), a mattress, seven blankets, a stove, utensils, musical instruments. It was a hectic period. They assaulted frigid stage managers from Florida to Canada. They were barred from respectable hotels because of the dog and the musical apparatus. They were chased by the Gerry Children's Society, which possessed Victorian ideas about juveniles in grease paint.

Eventually they reached New York. An Eastman Kodak scout spotted Joan's auburn locks and signed her to model for color ads. Also, briefly, she was a John Powers model.

THEN, during an engagement with her sisters at Ben Marden's Riviera, a night club across the Hudson from New York, an M-G-M talent scout saw Joan and liked her. He had her signed immediately at $200 per, and the whole family piled into the Ford and headed for California.

But the luck didn't last. M-G-M dropped her, along with another girl named Deanna Durbin. (At that studio, they say, heads are still rolling!)

After that she worked as an extra, until one day, Warners' decided to test her. The test developed into a short subject entitled Alice in Movieland. It told of a young girl dreaming of success in Hollywood, and might have been based on Joan's own experiences. So when she played it, she played for keeps. It was a sensation.

After that movies came fast. The studio didn't like her real name—Joan Brodell—which sounded too much like Joan Blondell. So she became Joan Leslie.

They put her in High Sierra, as the clubfooted girl, opposite the uninhibited Mr. Humphrey Bogart. Two pictures followed with Eddie Albert, a deep and lusty character.

At last came the unbelievable break. She was given the prize role of Gracie Williams, the Tennessee bride of Gary Cooper in Sergeant York.

Joan, who had fallen in love with Cooper when she saw him in The Plainsman way back in Orange, New Jersey, was thrilled. But, though she kissed him, and played his wife, she always addressed him as "Mr. Cooper." The director took her aside and inquired, "Joan, why don't you just call him 'Gary' as every one else does?" "Gosh, no, I couldn't do that!" she exclaimed. "He's so famous!"

When it rains it pours, and now it was pouring. After a good deal of acrobatics by the make-up department, she found herself doing Mary Cohan with Jim Cagney in Yankee Doodle Dandy, and later cavorting with Ida Lupino and Dennis Morgan in The Hard Way.

That Joan Leslie, after eight hit pictures, might soon become an American institution like ham 'n' eggs or Dick Tracy, Warners' could no longer deny. And so a new star was born.

JOAN does not, as yet, bathe in champagne-filled tubs and drive Hispanos. Riches, even in Hollywood, do not come overnight. Today she is making between $300 and $500 a week. Within a year she'll be getting two or three times as much.

She lives simply. At home, in the Brodell family Burbank bungalow, she shares twin beds with sister Betty, a twenty-year-old who sings on the radio and in night clubs. The oldest is Mary, twenty-two, who is married and does small roles at Warners'.

Joan isn't especially interested in males. At present she is much more concerned with her career. She studies every one for improvement. She watches Bette Davis for emotion and tensity, Greta Garbo for relaxation, Ingrid Bergman for naturalness of movement, Katharine Hepburn for general smartness and style.

Otherwise she is quite busy. Goes to the Beverly Hills USO to entertain, when she isn't too shy. Goes off, when she can, on bond tours. Eats constantly, chop suey, ice cream, stew, and, at the studio, quarts of skimmed milk from an icebox on the set.

But the biggest time eater and bugaboo at present is her education. Joan is under age, consequently the studio must, according to the Welfare Division of the California Board of Education, see that she receives four hours' schooling a day. Her tutor is appointed by the state, paid by Warners. According to law, she can only spend eight hours daily at the studio. Four of these are taken up by school. One must be spent eating "undisturbed." One hour with the make-up department. Leaving exactly two hours a day to make major pictures, pose for fashions, for stills, to see interviewers, and so on.

This activity, a daily Ferris wheel, doesn't give Joan much time to meet her co-workers. She had only two four-minute chats with Jim Cagney in all of Yankee Doodle Dandy simply because of her schedule!

THE END

JAPANESE CLOSE-UP

Continued from page 11

troops would sing, but is dreary and dirgelike.

The Japanese soldier doesn't think at all. The second maxim he learns as a recruit is, "Avoid dangerous thoughts." For to be suspected of harboring thoughts different from those laid down for him is a criminal offense. He is convinced it is his divine mission to conquer the world for the world's own good; and the way the army goes about it is above criticism, because the army is the instrument of a god, the emperor.

The soldier believes if he is killed in battle he will take his own place in the hierarchy of the gods. Shintoism is his politics as well as his religion. He has no ideas about international affairs. He has no feeling of "brothers in arms" for the Italians or Germans. Propaganda has dinned into him that before the war ends he will have to fight the Russians too, and that he can do it successfully. He believes he is bringing a better order to the peoples of the lands he invades.

"Be kind to peaceful inhabitants," he is told. But he is not told what to do with all those who, to his intense surprise, not only fail to welcome him but even try to resist him and his new order.

The Japanese are the nearest things to fighting automatons that ever have menaced the world. They got down to the job of preparing to subjugate the rest of mankind quite a long while ago. The first step, the officers were told, was to increase the fighting power to a maximum.

THEIR thoroughness and attention to details were not unexpected. The surprise was the way their army adapted itself immediately to the methods of fighting best suited to the tropical wilderness. These were a revival and perfection of guerrilla methods adapted to aggressive attack.

Another surprise was the clever way in which the Japanese used the peoples of the countries they attacked. This was made possible by agents planted years ago—doctors, dentists, photographers, printers, map makers, and consular staffs. In Burma they stressed their religious affinities. Then, when the troops came, they defiled Buddhist temples by turning them into billets, cookhouses, and lavatories. But the agents had opened many doors through which the yellow hosts had been able to swarm in.

There are three other popular beliefs about the Japanese. One is true; two are false. It is true that the Jap soldier will kill himself in preference to being taken prisoner. It is not true that he is "afraid of cold steel," or that the pack he normally carries is lighter than the burdens of the British soldier fighting in the tropics.

The tradition of hara-kiri has been brought up to date. Every officer and man is made to swear an oath to the emperor that he will commit suicide, to eliminate as far as possible the danger of a captured Japanese soldier talking too much—it having been ordained that once the Japanese soldier is taken prisoner, officially he is dead and never again will he be permitted to return to Japan.

We didn't get many prisoners in Burma. The biggest bunch I saw was a group of twenty captured by an Indian brigade of the First Burma Division at Yenangyaung. They pleaded for revolvers so they could shoot themselves. When this was refused they squatted in a dejected group, ringed by a circle of guards. A few hours later they tried to escape. Nineteen were shot dead. Only one got away to rejoin his comrades.

Instances of Japanese officers impaling themselves on their swords have been reported. These swords are not ornaments. They are carried into battle; for it isn't long since the Japanese were doing all their fighting with cold steel, and they still place considerable reliance upon it. Their bayonets, like their rifles, are longer than those of the British—to enable them to use them on equal terms with bigger, taller men. The Japanese soldier likes to use his bayonet when he can; but he is as afraid of death as most men. He will run when the other side has more bayonets or uses them more determinedly.

MUCH has been written about Japanese light equipment and mobility. But the pack the Japanese soldier in the main forces carried was heavier, even at the beginning, than the British equivalent. It even included a trenching tool, which was useless in Burma and Malaya. Now it has been reduced considerably.

Where the Japanese had the advantage was in the type of terrain, and also in the fact that being always on the offensive they could use lightly equipped raiding parties and guerrilla bands to do most of the fighting far ahead of the heavily laden main body. This method of advance, by infiltration, was exploited successfully and continuously in Burma, where units of 200 men would be as far as five to ten miles ahead of the main column.

Some would be stripped for action, their heavy packs discarded. Well down on their shaven heads they wore close-fitting Russian-type helmets. Shorts, sand shoes, and bandoleer completed the ensemble. Some carried rifles, others tommy guns or light machine guns or two-inch mortars. Mortars of great caliber were swung on bamboo poles between two men. Rifles—copies of the German Mauser—weight, eight and one half pounds, and twenty-five-caliber ammunition used in rifles, light machine guns, and tommy guns alike, represent another weight-saving.

In the pouches of their bandoleer they cram anything from sixty to 150 rounds, a rifle-repair outfit, a handful of rice, a diary, lucky charms, and the inevitable bottle of yeast tablets or other pills.

Bands of fifty of these advance parties often pushed on far to the rear of the British battle headquarters and remained hidden there in the villages, disguised as Burmans. Officers who continued to wear their uniforms would have orders covering a fortnight. Sometimes they'd lie idle in the villages for weeks before they struck. They did that at Shwedaung and near-by villages where suddenly they threw seven road blocks between the British at Prome and the attacking force which launched the offensive southward.

WE discovered an almost infallible way of detecting whether there were any Japanese infiltrationists about. When the Japanese moved into a village, every Burmese woman moved out. More often the Japanese used the villages as headquarters from which to carry out their night expeditions—mortars being their favorite weapons, mounted like guns at road blocks. They fired at a low angle along the road with deadly effect, their accuracy being incredible. I saw them burst mortar shells over open turrets of British tanks. I saw two shots score direct hits on an army van and dispatch rider. This is all the stranger because with rifles they are undoubtedly the world's worst marksmen.

The long practice of the Japanese in China is probably one of the reasons for their skill. Another is the suicide-squad spotters who climb to observation posts atop trees and buildings and signal to the gunners. In fighting along a front, the Japanese placed mortars in diamond formation and lobbed the shells around the position at which they were directing their fire, hoping by these blasting tactics to force the enemy to abandon it.

The *woof-woof* of a mortar gives plenty of notice that it's coming. Although the explosion is louder and sharper than the muffled *crump* of a British shell, its fragmentation is much poorer. The Japanese depend a lot on noise and tricks to break morale. "They fight like hell for a while, making a lot of noise, then race off and repeat the same tactics," a brigadier told me.

They often used fireworks to create the impression of gunfire. Even enemy aircraft dropped "bungers." Other tricks included the use of wireless sets to cut in on messages between our tanks. Once a tank commander kept on getting the signal, "Go back," and only discovered that it was a Japanese hoax when he used the code to verify the order. Our planes, too, were sometimes ordered in the same way to "return to your base."

The Japanese soldier likes being abroad, for in peacetime foreign travel is the privilege of the wealthy. He won't like leaving Burma and Malay and the Philippines and the East Indies when his planes are blasted from the skies and he is thrown on the defensive and we push him back.

When the pinch comes he will find that he can't go on using fireworks instead of shells and bombs.

THE END

TELETYPE TIPS

Advice from inside Washington on trends that will affect our daily lives

MAN POWER SITUATION BECOMING VERY COMPLEX. MCNUTT SWAMPED WITH PROBLEMS. WAR MAN POWER COMMISSION SHOWING SIGNS OF SAGGING. APPOINTMENT OF JIMMY BYRNES, ECONOMIC STABILIZATION CZAR, ALREADY CLARIFYING CERTAIN INFLATION PROBLEMS.

INSIDE WORD ON MAN POWER IS THAT ARMY WANTS 9,000,000 MEN IN SERVICE BY DECEMBER, 1943. AT THE SAME TIME NELSON AND WAR PRODUCTION OFFICIALS SAY THAT WAR INDUSTRIES WILL REQUIRE MORE THAN 20,000,000 PEOPLE BY NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1944. PRESENT FIGURE SHOWS ABOUT 7,000,000 WORKERS IN WAR PRODUCTION JOBS WITH NUMBER SKYROCKETING DAILY. FARM LABOR PROBLEM WILL BE DESPERATE BY HARVESTTIME NEXT YEAR UNLESS SOUND FUTURE PLANS ARE LAID NOW.

WAGE EARNERS' OUTLOOK UNDER NEW STABILIZATION PROGRAM NOT AS CRITICAL AS MADE OUT TO BE. F D R PRIVATELY TOLD OFFICIAL FAMILY NOT TO TALK ABOUT "JOB FREEZING" UNTIL ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. ENTIRE NEW SERIES OF DRASTIC HOME-FRONT TIGHTENING-UP STEPS HAVE MADE GOVERNMENT COMPLETE DICTATOR OVER YOUR WAY OF LIFE.

IF YOU ARE A HOUSEWIFE, MEAT AND SUGAR RATIONING HAVE ALREADY HIT YOU. MORE SHORTAGES WILL AFFECT YOU SOON. YOU WILL HAVE TO GET ALONG WITH ABOUT TWO THIRDS OF THE CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES THAT YOU BOUGHT LAST YEAR. FATS AND OILS FOR SHORTENING, MAYONNAISE AND SALAD DRESSING HAVE BEEN CUT 10 PER CENT. LINOLEUM, OILCLOTH, AND FABRICS WILL BE CUT 30 PER CENT. SPICES, INCLUDING WHITE PEPPER, WILL ALSO BE SHORT ON THE SHELVES. SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS IN CANNING LARGE SEA HERRINGS, NEVER BEFORE PACKED, WILL ADD 30,000,000 POUNDS OF CANNED FISH TO THE NATION'S WAR DIET. GOVERNMENT CAMPAIGN IS PLANNED TO INCREASE WILD-RABBIT HUNTING FOR FUR PELTS. ARMY BUYING UP LARGE QUANTITIES CHEAP PELTS FOR WINTER CLOTHING.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

A SAD REMINDER
that the war is ever with us has just been received from Nola Luxford, New Zealand magazine correspondent and radio commentator. Princess Alexandra Kropotkin's page in the October 3 issue of Liberty carried a picture of Miss Luxford and a short article about her personal war work —making short phonograph records of personal greetings for New Zealand service men while they are in this country.

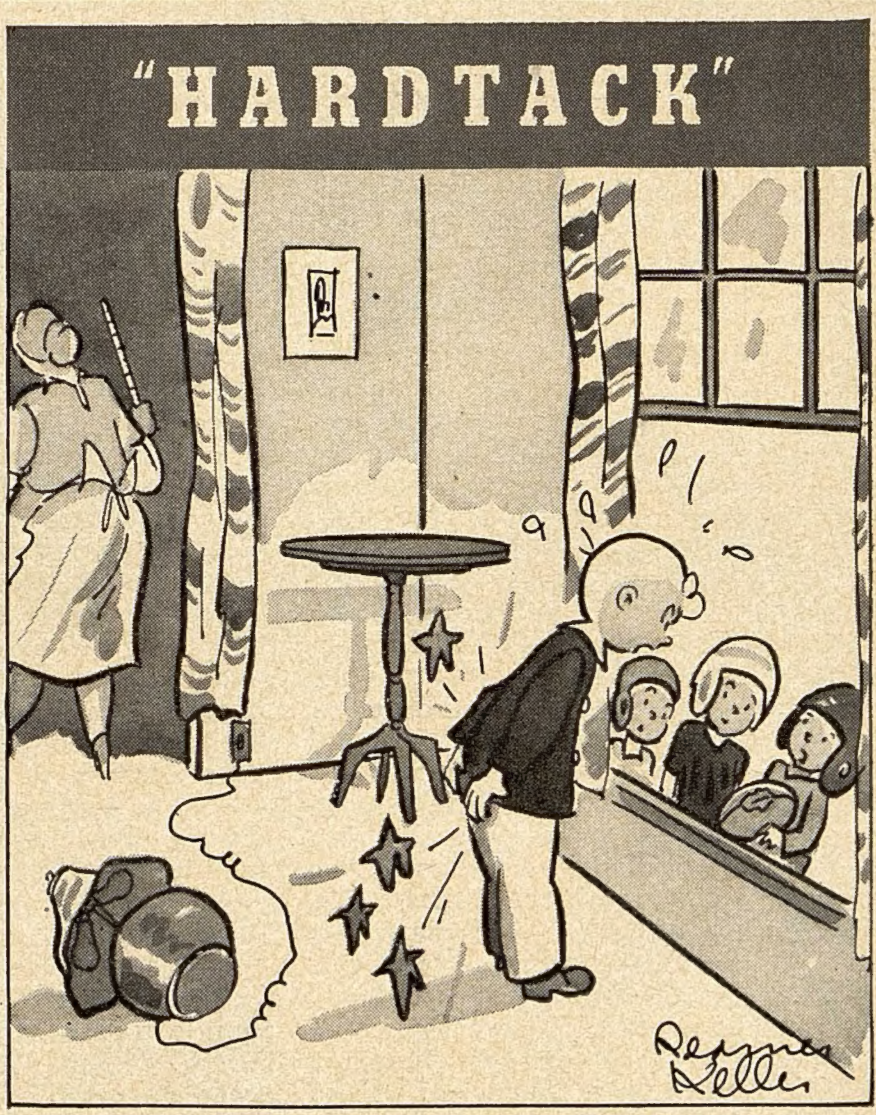
Both New Zealand boys shown in the photograph were survivors of a torpedoing. The one at Miss Luxford's right has just returned from another trip to England. The one on her left, photographed while actually making a record to send the folks back home, has been lost in a second torpedoed vessel. Undoubtedly that record is something the home folks will value for all time.

TURNING TO BRIGHTER NEWS,
we hear that Ann Corio's nephew, Joe Mascolo, was scheduled for a tryout with the New York Giants as the result of an article about Miss Corio which appeared in Liberty of August 15. Miss Corio, in case you have forgotten, is very famous for two things: as a strip-tease dancer and an enthusiastic lover of baseball.

AND, SPEAKING OF BRIGHT NEWS,
it doesn't make us feel any too bad to learn that Warner Brothers are to produce a picture based on Father Darcy and the Beloved Blackguard, by Matt Taylor; and that Paramount will come forth with a movie on Caribbean Patrol, the short serial by James Edward Grant. Both stories, of course, appeared in Liberty.

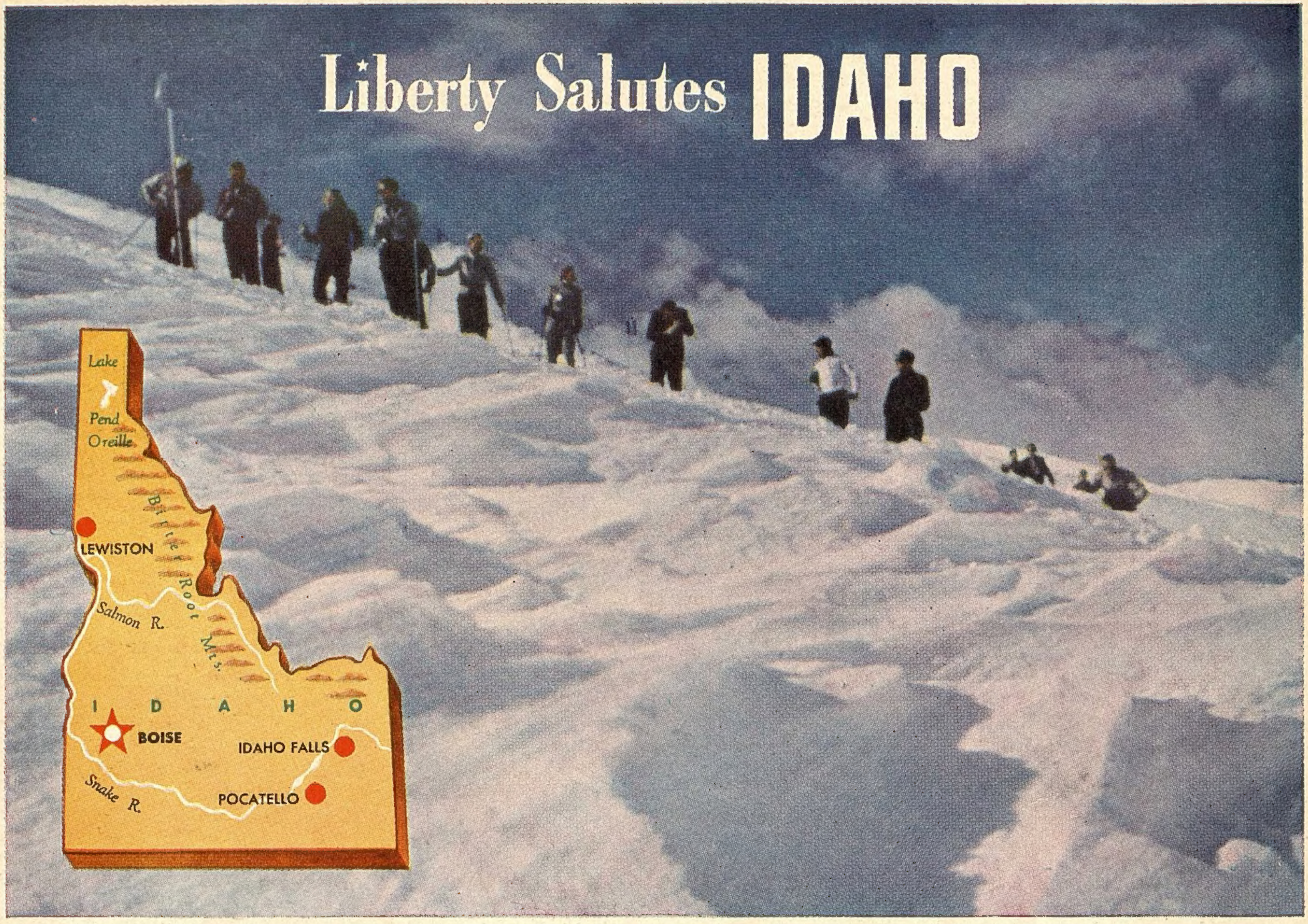
FROM WASHINGTON
comes word that manufacturers who contemplate beating price ceilings by reducing quality will wish they hadn't tried it!

The Editors

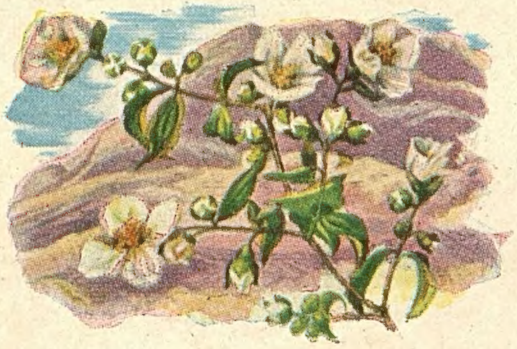

"HARDTACK"

"I rubbed the lamp exactly like Aladdin did, but only Mom appeared!"

Liberty Salutes IDAHO



Sun Valley, one of America's greatest ski resorts.

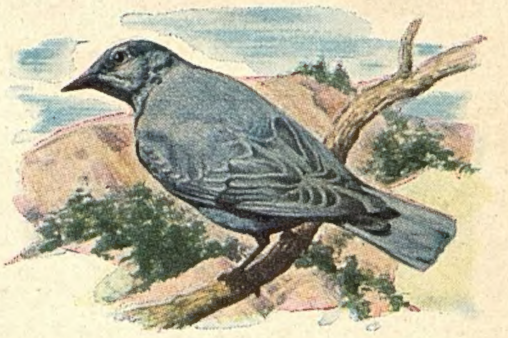


THE SYRINGA *shrub has clusters of fragrant white flowers. The four-petal blossoms are similar to the mock orange. It was chosen as Idaho's flower because it grows profusely there.*

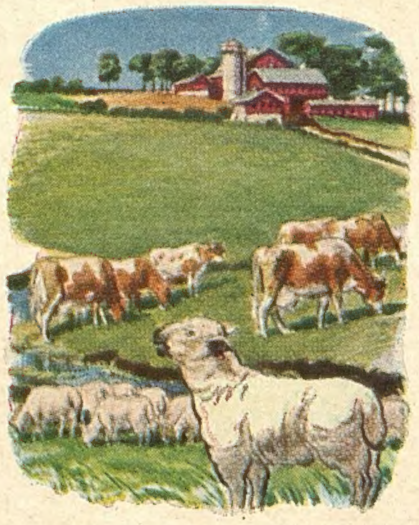
GEM of the Mountains is the fond name for this state of towering peaks, great canyons, deep forests, wide plains, rushing rivers, and quiet mountain lakes. It is a land of contrasts, with its great white sand dunes and its bountiful crops, with deer and other wild animals and countless head of fine cattle and sheep, with its vast mineral resources hardly tapped.

Scenically Idaho is incredibly lovely. Its Shoshone Falls are forty-six feet higher than Niagara, its Hell's Canyon deeper than Grand Canyon.

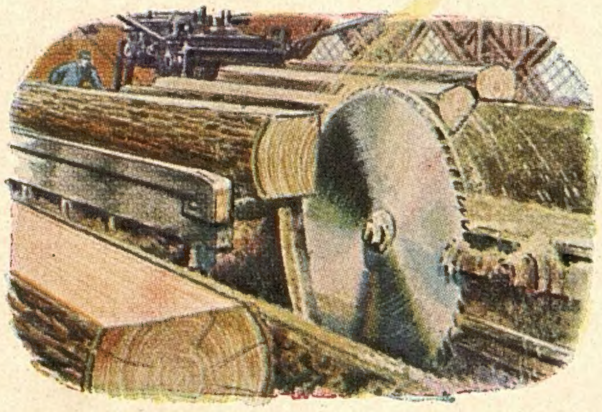
Its frontier tradition, which began with the Lewis and Clark expedition, is now being carried on by a great war-plan speed-up of production in lumber and wood products, zinc, antimony, lead, and tungsten.



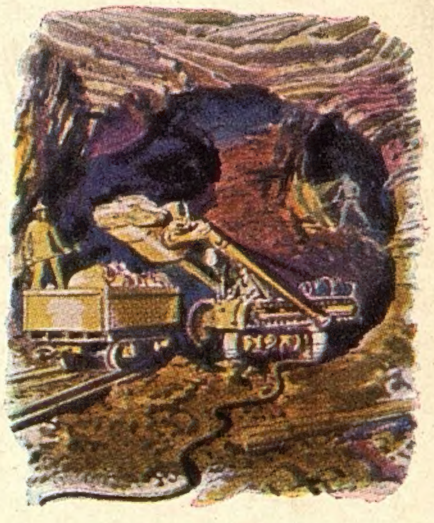
THE MOUNTAIN BLUEBIRD *is a hardy soul—even breeds in the Yukon—but takes to warmer climates in the winter. Only its dark fantail and light breast make it different from the bluebird.*



STOCK RAISING, *particularly of sheep, is an important industry in Idaho. Today the state is shipping more wool than ever before to meet the increased demand for warm khaki and navy blue.*

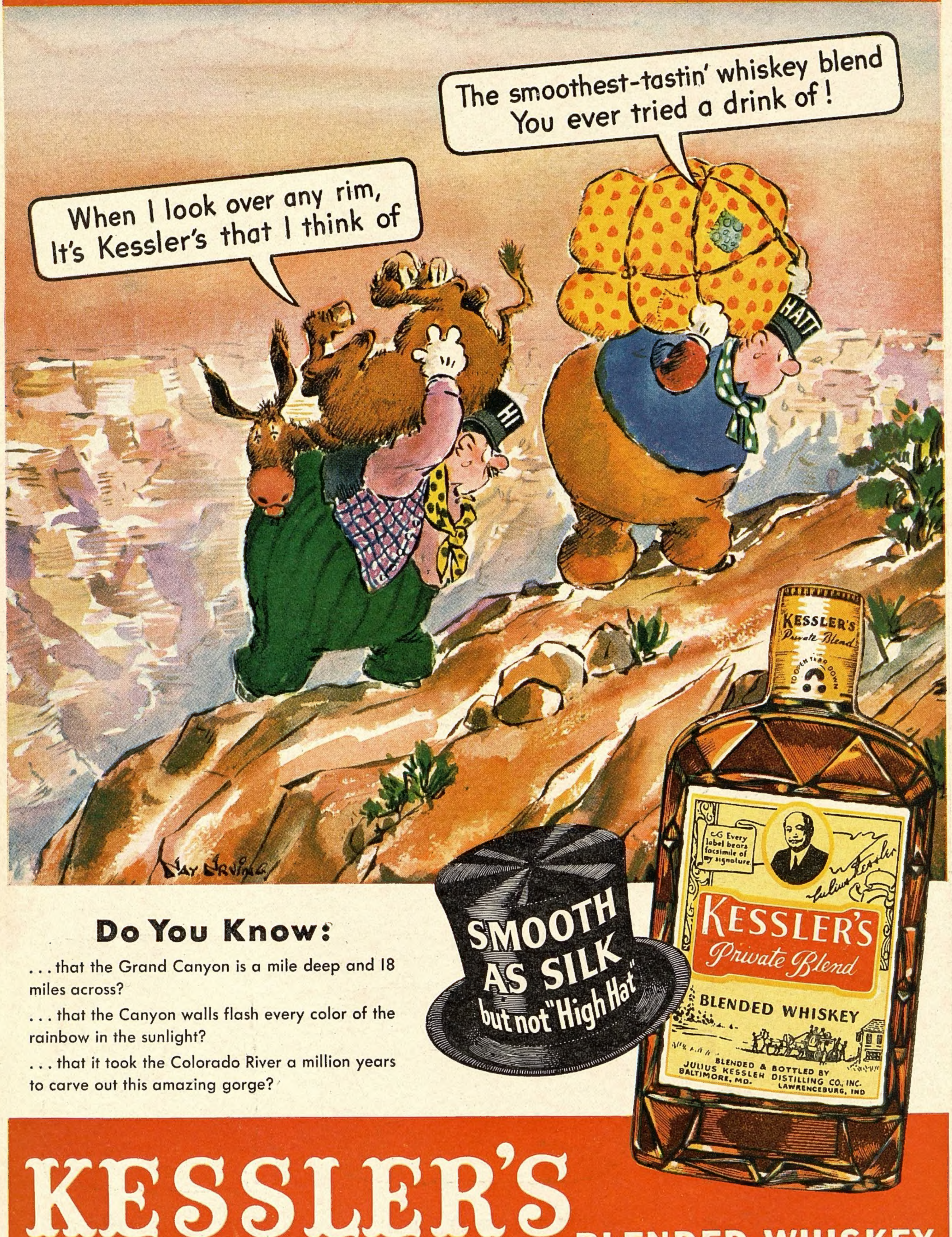


THE LARGEST STAND *of white pine in the United States is in Idaho—just one of this state's sources for the humming sawmills of a state producing wood products for civilian and military use.*



FIRST IN PRODUCTION *of lead, second in silver, with gold increasingly important, Idaho is just beginning to tap her incredibly rich-in-mineral earth. Zinc and tungsten are also mined.*

Mr. HI and Mr. HATT Explore Grand Canyon, Arizona


The smoothest-tastin' whiskey blend
You ever tried a drink of!
When I look over any rim,
It's Kessler's that I think of
HATT
HI
RAY IRVING
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S Private Blend
TO OPEN TEAR DOWN
Every label bears facsimile of my signature.
Julius Kessler
KESSLER'S Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO., INC. BALTIMORE, MD. LAWRENCEBURG, IND

Do You Know:

. . . that the Grand Canyon is a mile deep and 18 miles across?

. . . that the Canyon walls flash every color of the rainbow in the sunlight?

. . . that it took the Colorado River a million years to carve out this amazing gorge?

KESSLER'S

BLENDED WHISKEY

75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Baltimore, Md.; Lawrenceburg, Indiana.